

TIME



Gut Check

For Trump, intuition beats experience. What that would mean for the presidency

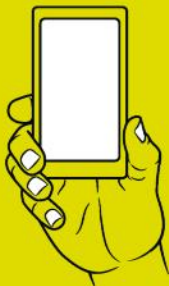
By Jon Meacham

After Dallas: Race, politics and the slow course of progress

By Joe Klein

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The coverage-courting candidate poses with some of his trophies

Cover Story

What Must a President Know?

Donald Trump rejects conventional standards of preparedness. What that would mean in the Oval Office

By Jon Meacham 36

Trump, Through the Ages

Long before he entered politics, the camera-loving real estate developer was America's ultimate public figure

Photographs by Harry Benson 46

The Apprentices

How Donald Jr., Eric and Ivanka Trump formed the least likely inner circle in presidential politics

By Alex Altman 48

Cleaving in Cleveland

Walkouts, protests and bargaining ahead at the GOP convention

By Zeke J. Miller 54

Finding Their A-Game

Jason Day and Jordan Spieth—two of golf's biggest young stars—take a lesson from legend Jack Nicklaus

By David Von Drehle 56

On the cover: TIME photo-illustration; Trump: John Moore—Getty Images; setting: Pete Souza—White House Photo/Getty Images

4 | From the Editor
6 | For the Record

The Brief

News from the U.S. and around the world

7 | A nation reacts to **divisive violence**

12 | Good news and bad news for **China**

13 | **Serena Williams** gets her 22nd title

13 | Farewell to Nobel laureate and Holocaust survivor **Elie Wiesel**

14 | **Theresa May**, Britain's new Prime Minister

16 | Violence roils **South Sudan**

The View

Ideas, opinion, innovations

19 | The virtual world of **Pokémon Go**

20 | What we can learn from the **Nordic states**

21 | Scientists discover a whole new shade of **blue**

22 | Upheaval, and lots of cash, among the NBA's new **superteams**

24 | Get healthy by going **back to nature**

28 | Kareem Abdul-Jabbar on **racial conflict** and reform

31 | **Black lives:** A father's experience, a son's anger

32 | Joe Klein on the political response to **Dallas**



TimeOff

What to watch, read, see and do

61 | **Winona Ryder** goes to Netflix

63 | A crime drama ensues **The Night Of**

63 | Quick Talk with author **Susan Faludi**

64 | New **Ghostbusters** ain't afraid

65 | The return of **Neil Young**

67 | Joel Stein skips the **Republican convention**—and he has company

68 | 7 Questions with **The Night Of** star **Michael K. Williams**

Young, page 65



Hurt and hope

"SCHISM, BITTERNESS, DEMANDS FOR VIOLENT solution, disenchantment with the way things are, fear of what may be—those are the forces, some would say the demons, that are loose in the U.S. . . ." That was the opening of TIME's cover story on the Democratic Convention of 1968, an agony of violence and division that became an all-purpose reference point for the summer's conflagrations. Now the violence in Baton Rouge, La., St. Paul, Minn., and Dallas has challenged faith in the rule of law at a moment when such faith is already in short supply, further inflaming an already raw political season. How exactly does the U.S. conduct the stringent self-examination that yields our next President, when the public mood holds more hurt than hope? Which of the candidates can speak to our common purpose, when the only things they have in common are red-carpet wealth and epic unpopularity? Who can hear voices of peace and reason over the din of emotional arsonists?

The campaign of 1968, during which the country had to absorb the Tet offensive, the murders of Robert F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King Jr., riots in our cities and then the revolt in Chicago, left people wondering what possible outcome on Election Day could heal so many deep wounds. Now as then, despair mutates into cynicism and weakens the muscles of citizenship.

But it is the very process of political participation that, over time, tames demons and salves division. It is painful because it genuinely matters. It can be polarizing because we don't all think alike. The consoling paradox of campaign 2016 is that voters may be disgusted and disheartened, but they have not disengaged. They are also watching, listening, voting. Primary turnout was close to a record; debate viewership blew past that of any previous cycle. For the past year we have been exploring the stakes in this race and the issues on the table, from immigration and opioids to ISIS and entitlements. As the political world descends on Cleveland and then Philadelphia, TIME's team of reporters, editors, photographers and videographers will provide minute-to-minute coverage of both conventions on TIME.com, including 360 video from the convention floor, daily Facebook Live streams and special convention editions of correspondent Zeke J. Miller's politics newsletter; sign up at time.com/politicsemail.



Nancy Gibbs, EDITOR



GOLF'S A-TEAM For his story (see page 56) on Jason Day, Jack Nicklaus and Jordan Spieth (center left to right), TIME's David Von Drehle (far left) visited the trio at Muirfield Village Golf Club in Dublin, Ohio. Von Drehle—whose last golf game with his late father took place on that course—called the assignment “an unforgettable experience.” TIME captured their conversation about the state of the game. Watch the video, presented by Rolex, at time.com/golf-greats



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COLLEGE BOUND

For its annual list of the best colleges in the U.S.—based on educational and financial value—*Money* magazine looked at how more than 700 schools stack up. See this year's rankings (and why Princeton University is No. 1) at money.com/best-colleges



TRUMP SHOTS Harry Benson has photographed Donald Trump since the 1980s—for example, in a helicopter en route to Atlantic City in 1987 (above). See some of his memorable pictures on page 46.

SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT ▶ In “240 Reasons to Celebrate America Right Now” (July 11–18), No. 37 inaccurately described Gordon Gee. He is president of West Virginia University. A caption in “Ali” (June 20) incorrectly summarized Muhammad Ali's record. He was the only boxer to have won the world heavyweight title three times when the 1966 photo was taken.

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I want to learn how to think, not what to think. So why does school prioritize memorization over creative thinking? Teach me to think outside the box so I can find answers to larger questions.

Let's demand and design high schools that equip all students with the skills to succeed in the 21st century. Join the conversation at XQsuperschools.org.



#RETHINKHIGH SCHOOL

'Brexit means Brexit, and we're going to make a success of it'

THERESA MAY, leader of Britain's Conservative Party, who replaced David Cameron as Prime Minister on July 13; she is the second woman to hold the position, after Margaret Thatcher



\$20,000

How much more **male doctors make**, on average, than equally experienced female ones, according to a new study



\$10,900

Price paid for **30 rare Ruby Roman grapes** at an auction in Japan; the ping-pong-ball-size fruits were from the first yield of the season, which is said to offer good fortune

'Hillary Clinton will make an outstanding President.'

SENATOR BERNIE SANDERS, ending his campaign by endorsing Hillary Clinton after months of speculation



7,500,000

Number of downloads of **Pokémon Go** in under a week, one of the biggest mobile-game launches ever



T. Swift

The singer was named by *Forbes* "the world's top-earning celebrity"



**GOOD WEEK
BAD WEEK**



T.I.

The rapper was named by his restaurant's workers in a suit over unpaid wages



'I THINK HE WAS JUST BLACK IN THE WRONG PLACE.'

VALERIE CASTILE, whose son Philando was shot and killed by a police officer during a traffic stop in Falcon Heights, Minn., sparking national outrage; the incident occurred a day after police shot and killed another black man, Alton Sterling, in Baton Rouge, La.

'I prefer the word one of the greatest "athletes" of all time.'

SERENA WILLIAMS, who won a record-equaling 22nd Grand Slam title at Wimbledon on July 9, replying to a journalist who asked about her being "one of the greatest female athletes of all time"



'I am *not* pregnant. What I am is fed up.'

JENNIFER ANISTON, actor, criticizing how tabloids objectify women in an editorial for the Huffington Post

The Brief

'POLITICS COULD DO WITH SOME BLOODY DIFFICULT WOMEN, ACTUALLY' —PAGE 14

SPECIAL REPORT

Seven lives lost and a new reckoning on race

By Karl Vick



Cameron Sterling and his mother Quinyetta, in Baton Rouge, La., on July 12. Cameron, 15, holds a composite image he made of himself and his father Alton, who was fatally shot by police on July 5. “The police took his phone, so all the pictures he took are gone,” Cameron says. “Today has been a peaceful day so far. There was less drama today.”

IT LOOKED, AT FIRST, LIKE A PLACE WE HAD BEEN BEFORE. On the pavement outside a convenience store in Baton Rouge, La., two white police officers wrestle a large black man to the ground. Shots ring out, the cell-phone video jumps, another fraught summer begins. It was just after midnight on Tuesday, July 5. The footage went up that afternoon; protests began the same day. What followed, however, was the furthest thing from familiar. The events of the next 48 hours took the country to a place so new and uncertain that, after more than a week of talking about almost nothing else, it's still not clear where we are.

But we do know the precise point of departure. The day after the shooting of Alton Sterling in Baton Rouge, at about 9 p.m. at the curb of the eastbound lane of Larpenteur Avenue in Falcon Heights, Minn., a woman pressed an icon on her phone and began broadcasting live from the passenger seat of a white Oldsmobile. She panned to the driver's seat, where Philando Castile was slumped and bleeding, and spoke with a controlled urgency and a careful courtesy that communicates, for one thing, a great deal about being African American at a traffic stop.

But that's not all that's being communicated. During the 10 minutes that Diamond Reynolds' phone streamed to Facebook Live, the matter of police shootings lurched out of the realm of the abstract issue and into the realm of shared experience. It was a jarring shift, and an epochal one. In the 24 months since cell-phone footage of Eric Garner's death on a Staten Island sidewalk was uploaded and then amplified by events in Ferguson, Mo., something profound occurred: Americans who might never themselves have had a problem with police came to appreciate the complaints of those who too often do. That lesson was discerned from shaky phone cameras, or through low-res cameras mounted atop storefronts or police dashboards—sometimes clear, usually fuzzy, but always from the same vantage: outside, peering in.

No more. As Reynolds narrates the death of her boyfriend—blood spreading across his T-shirt, the light in his eyes fading, the officer making his case through the open window, “I told him not to reach for it. I told him to get his hand open”—the experience is, for the first time, a shared one. And when her guard finally comes down and Reynolds begins to wail and pray, the consolation offered by her 4-year-old daughter—“It's O.K., Mommy. It's O.K., I'm right here with you”—vaults any remaining barrier not only to empathy but identification.

By the next afternoon, the video had been watched 4 million times. Viewers were only beginning to register the implications when the bulletins began arriving from Dallas: five police officers guarding a demonstration against police shootings were assassinated by a black Army veteran apparently bent on the notion of racial vengeance.

“I'm here to insist that we are not as divided as we seem,” President Obama informed the country at the July 12 memorial for the slain officers. It seemed a necessary assurance, at an occasion billed as an opportunity for reconciliation, or at least sensemaking. The stunned silence that first greeted the Dallas killings had been filled soon enough by accusations. Black Lives Matter, which emerged as a national force in



Dallas assistant chief of police Gary Tittle comforts a man in front of a memorial to the five slain officers

Ferguson, was answered by hashtags like #BlueLivesMatter and #racewar. On a Sunday talk show, Rudy Giuliani called the slogan “racist” because, he said, its name implies that other lives do not. Antennae went up for copycat attacks, and a new wave of polarization surged into a campaign season already driven by it. “It's as if the deepest fault lines of our democracy have suddenly been exposed,” President Obama said, “perhaps even widened.”

AMID THE TURMOIL, no one was more compelling than David Brown. The implacable, bespectacled African-American police chief became the new face of the city. In 1963, the “city of



hate” (so named for the rawness of its racism) was where the assassination of a President was followed, thanks to the incompetence of its police, by the televised assassination of his captured killer. Now that force not only protected the demonstrators marching against it but also, amid the ensuing calamity, displayed a calm that helped the country order its emotions.

It wasn’t the only department performing under pressure. Police officers in St. Paul, Minn., showed notable restraint, taking injuries at protests without inflicting any. In Baton Rouge, on the other hand, officers deployed armored vehicles and chased demonstrators as if Ferguson had never happened.

Policing is largely a local matter, and the country remains a checkerboard. A year after Obama’s task force on policing recommended steps to improve relations with minority communities, only 15 of the country’s 18,000 departments have moved to adopt them.

Brown embodies the tensions coiled at the heart of things. Like many black cops, he is both wholly of his city’s African-American community and of the police force that many black residents say treats them unfairly—and yet they want to see more police because their neighborhoods can be so dangerous. Brown has suffered losses from both sides. A former partner was killed in the line of duty. A brother was murdered by drug dealers. Shortly after becoming chief, his own son, high on PCP, fatally shot two people, one of them a cop, before being killed by cops.

Asked how he bridged the two communities, Brown explained, “I’ve been black a long time, so it’s not much of a bridge for me.” It fell to another of the city’s African-American professionals, Dr. Brian Williams, to parse the contradictions of serving an establishment not yet rinsed of racism. A trauma surgeon at Parkland Memorial, Williams was haunted by his inability to save every officer that night. “I support you,” he said, of the police. “I will defend you, and I will care for you. That doesn’t mean that I do not fear you.”

IF SOME OF THIS came as a point of awakening to white Americans, the reality for black citizens was worn to the point of fraying. The Dallas shooter, Micah Johnson, was an outlier, tormented by failure in the military, but some say they knew where he was coming from. Schoolchildren are not usually taught this on Martin Luther King Jr. Day, but much of the urgency behind the civil rights movement was provided by militants who argued that the only effective reply to state violence was what many blacks say they saw in Dallas: retaliation.

“I have two words for you: black rage,” said Oyinka Green, 47, an activist with the Dallas Action Coalition, which helped organize the July 7 march. “Look up the term. It’s from the 1970s. Anger, frustration—we’re all feeling it.

VOICES

Fatal shootings in Baton Rouge, Minneapolis and Dallas prompted a range of reactions

‘The scars and stains of racism are still deeply embedded in American society. We have to deal with it.’

JOHN LEWIS, Democratic Congressman from Georgia and civil rights leader

‘WOULD THIS HAVE HAPPENED IF THE DRIVER WERE WHITE, IF THE PASSENGERS WERE WHITE? I DON’T THINK IT WOULD HAVE.’

MARK DAYTON, governor of Minnesota

‘When you say Black Lives Matter, that’s inherently racist.’

RUDY GIULIANI, former New York City mayor

‘If you are a normal white American, the truth is you don’t understand being black in America and you instinctively underestimate the level of discrimination.’

NEWT GINGRICH, former House Speaker

The Brief

Pilar Agpawa and Jacques Johnson in front of a tribute mural for Alton Sterling in Baton Rouge



A man prays before a makeshift memorial to the slain Dallas police officers



Helplessness.”

Much has changed since the days when black militancy rose to challenge a rigid, racist power structure. Today the list of African-American leaders runs from U.S. President to Attorney General to editor of the *New York Times*. But that’s another way of saying that the next step, a “national conversation” about race, is not really about who’s in charge. It has to be about institutions, procedures and habits put in place before any of us were born. It will be about squaring accounts with people brought to the continent in chains, nominally emancipated 153 years ago and long hobbled by official decrees, including federal lending laws in the boom years after World War II that confined African Americans to urban centers, where the most visible representatives of the state are uniformed officers enforcing laws

‘We’re asking cops to do too much in this country. We are. Every societal failure, we put it off on the cops to solve ... Policing was never meant to solve all those problems.’

DAVID BROWN, chief of the Dallas police department

against drugs, and the violence that goes with them.

“We have to talk about it all at the same time, because the same neighborhoods with the highest rates of violence have the highest rates of poverty, unemployment, substandard housing and lack of education,” says Edward Flynn, Milwaukee’s chief of police. “We have been delegating America’s social problems to the police.” Obama concurred, echoing Brown: “We ask the police to do too much, and we ask too little of ourselves.”

THANKFULLY, ONE THING they are no longer asked to do is control information. A few years ago, if a reporter got a call from a citizen saying the cops had killed her son, it was going to come down to her word against the police. Smartphone cameras and the Internet have plucked both the reporter

Cooking for pilgrims outside the Triple S Food Mart, which has become a memorial to Sterling



and the cops from the equation and placed it directly before the public. Polls still show that African Americans see race relations as more dire than white people do. “It’s because they don’t live in same world with us,” says Damon Carter, 40, a welder in Cleveland, days before the Republicans will convene in his city. “Until they get a brother-in-law or something, then they say, ‘Now I get it! I get it!’”

But more may be getting it. This year 61% of Americans said more needed to be done to assure racial equality, a figure that has been growing steadily since the consciousness-raising summer of 2014. Among whites, in another sign of hope, it’s young people who express the greatest concern. Whites routinely march with Black Lives Matter; in Minnesota, they accounted for most of the protesters.

“The best thing we can do is to love

and support each other. We should all give cops a hug and stand with them,” says Clarissa Pyles, 23, who marched for the first time in Dallas. “It can’t be ‘blue lives matter’ or ‘black lives matter.’ You can support both at the same time. And the more we support each other, the more we understand each other.”

It can come in a sudden surge. A few hours before Diamond Reynolds reached for her phone, the mother of Alton Sterling’s son stepped before microphones in Baton Rouge. It was still a place we’d been before, a news conference for the outraged and bereft, survivors bravely struggling for composure. But then the camera pulls back to bring into the frame the dead man’s 15-year-old son, Cameron. He had thrown an arm around his mother’s shoulder in a manly show of support but was now trying to hide his own tears by tugging up the collar of his shirt. Shuddering with sobs, the son

turns and falls into the arms of the men standing behind him, wailing for his daddy. It is almost unbearable.

“At our best, we practice empathy, imagining ourselves in the lives and circumstances of others,” George W. Bush, the former President and a Dallas resident, said at the memorial service, with uncommon eloquence. Obama made the same essential point, with his own eloquence. And then there was Brown, explaining that Stevie Wonder would do his talking for him, before reciting 27 lines of lyrics from the powerful 1976 song “As.” In a room of mostly cops and African Americans, he paused just once to invite applause, slowing to emphasize the line “Until the day that you are me and I am you.” The applause came. —*With reporting by JAY NEWTON-SMALL/DALLAS; MAYA RHODAN/WASHINGTON; and JOSH SANBURN/FALCON HEIGHTS, MINN.* □



TRENDING



SPORTS

Newly unsealed court documents revealed a claim that Penn State football coach Joe Paterno **was told in 1976 that his assistant Jerry Sandusky had molested a boy** but ignored it. Paterno, who died in 2012, had said he learned about the abuse in 2001.



HEALTH

For the first time, scientists have helped mice with destroyed optic nerves **regain their vision**, by coaxing connections between the eye and the brain. Stanford University researchers say the findings could help develop new tools for humans suffering from glaucoma.



WAR

U.S. Secretary of Defense Ash Carter said on July 11 that **560 more American troops would be sent to Iraq** to aid an expected assault on Mosul, the last urban stronghold of ISIS in the country. They will be stationed at Qayyarah air base, 40 miles south of the city.

THE RISK REPORT

Anxiety on China

By Ian Bremmer

FIRST, THE (VERY) GOOD NEWS FOR CHINA. Though economic growth has slowed sharply, fears of a “hard landing” have not been realized. The official forecast of 6.7% growth is surely inflated for political reasons, but reliable ground-level data gives the leadership confidence that the economy is strong enough to withstand needed reforms that will hurt growth in the short term. Nor has President Xi Jinping’s anticorruption drive yet provoked an open revolt among the country’s elite. Though tens of thousands of officials have been expelled from the party or jailed and some of China’s most powerful have been caught in the net, Xi remains firmly in charge.

But longer-term anxieties about China persist. Some of Xi’s reform plans aren’t being carried out, and he has warned party officials that they aren’t taking the country’s economic challenges seriously enough. They continue to direct resources toward ineffi-

cient sectors and companies in an effort to artificially boost growth. The anticorruption drive and the planned leadership shift at 2017’s Party Congress encourage officials to avoid taking risks—including those needed for reform. And too often the leadership is shifting blame to the country’s expanded middle class—the very citizens who must power China’s economy forward.

There is also Beijing’s obsession with threats from technology. The head of China’s Internet and surveillance division was suddenly replaced, and there’s a new cybersecurity law that bans online anonymity. There is also a broad redefinition of the country’s “critical information infrastructure” that makes it easier for the state to restrict online access and compromise privacy.

But what China’s leaders don’t see is that the greatest threat posed by technology comes from the power of automation to decimate manufacturing jobs and the state’s inability to control the flow of information in a world of leaks, cyberespionage and other forms of “forced transparency.” Those are the kinds of forces even Xi can’t control. □

LAW

The meaning of China’s defeat in the South China Sea

A RULING BY AN OBSCURE TRIBUNAL in the Hague on July 12 has become a test of the ability of international law to check a rising power’s ambitions:

WHAT DID THE COURT DECIDE? In a case lodged by the Philippines in 2013, the Permanent Court of Arbitration ruled that China’s historic claims to the South China Sea, a vital waterway also contested by Vietnam, Taiwan, Malaysia and Brunei, had “no legal basis.” Chinese-controlled reefs and rocks, which Beijing has turned into militarized artificial islands, cannot be used to claim rights over the surrounding sea.

HOW DID CHINA REACT? Beijing, which boycotted the proceedings, called the tribunal a “political farce.” The U.S., long a keeper of peace in the Pacific, urged China to heed the ruling. But the panel’s decision is not enforceable.



China has built military installations on artificial islands in the contested waters

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?

Tensions look set to build. A wounded China may build a military outpost off the Philippine coast, while Japanese Prime Minister Shinzo Abe aims to use a new electoral mandate to push for a constitutional change that would allow for a stronger military presence nearby. Regional waters may remain troubled.

—HANNAH BEECH

Milestones

ANNOUNCED

By **Tim Duncan**, that he would retire after 19 seasons and five championships with the San Antonio Spurs. The 40-year-old two-time MVP helped lead his team to the playoffs every year of his career in the NBA.

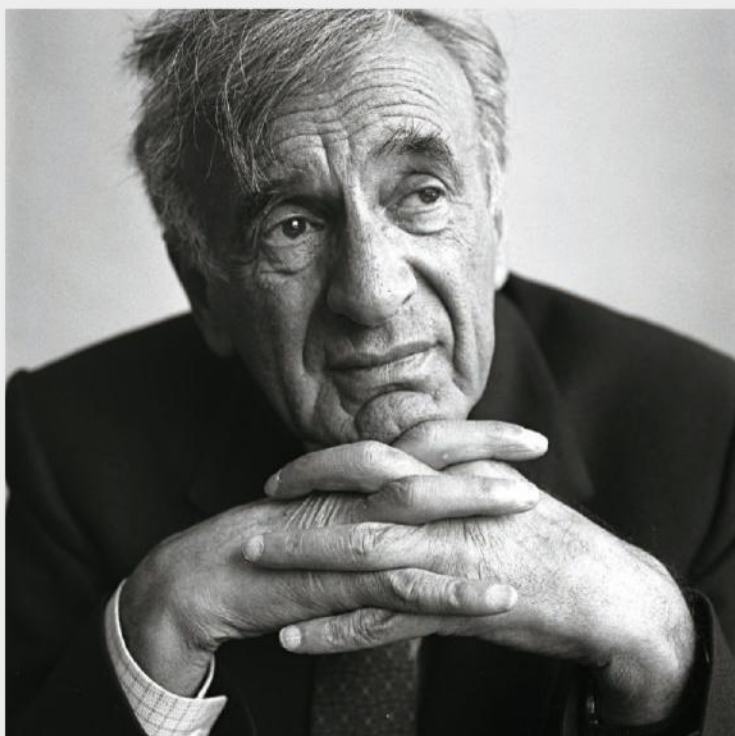
DIED

Sydney Schanberg, 82, Pulitzer Prize-winning New York Times correspondent whose reporting on Cambodia and the Khmer Rouge inspired the film *The Killing Fields*.

➤ **Aaron J. Klein**, 55, longtime Jerusalem correspondent for TIME and author of *Striking Back*, about the 1972 Munich Olympics massacre.

SUED

Fox News Channel CEO **Roger Ailes**, by former anchor **Gretchen Carlson**, in a suit alleging sexual harassment and retaliation. Carlson says Ailes made sexual comments to her and fired her for speaking up about harassment. Representatives for Ailes deny the claims and say the network declined to renew Carlson's contract because of poor ratings.



*Wiesel, a Nobel laureate and the author of *Night*, died on July 2 at 87*

DIED

Elie Wiesel Holocaust survivor

By **Rabbi David Wolpe**

ELIE WIESEL WAS A MAN OF MANY GIFTS. AMONG THEM WAS A gift for friendship. All over the world, people tell me how close they were to this extraordinary man. Hearing Wiesel speak was like listening to the whisper of eternity. His voice had a haunting magic, speaking words that were wrung from the suffering of his own soul and his indelible witness to the sufferings of others. Even when he discussed something lighthearted, it had gravity. As the scholar for the 100th year of the Sinai Temple, he created many unforgettable moments. Perhaps the most powerful was the last, when a teenager asked if Wiesel could summarize his advice to live a good life. Wiesel offered four words: "Think higher. Live deeper."

We have lost one of the most eloquent voices in the history of witness. Wiesel spoke for the millions slaughtered by the Nazis, and continued to speak for the bereft all over the world—from Cambodia to the inner cities of our nation. His voice was as large as history, and as gentle as reaching out to a child and never forgetting him. Never forget—that was his creed. Elie Wiesel will never be forgotten. His memory will endure as a spur to our conscience and a blessing to this often benighted world.

Wolpe is the Max Webb senior rabbi of Sinai Temple in Los Angeles

WON

Serena Williams 7th Wimbledon title

SERENA WILLIAMS collapsed onto the grass at Wimbledon as if exhausted after winning her seventh title there and her 22nd Grand Slam singles crown on July 9; she's now tied with Steffi Graf for the most major victories in the Open era. But don't be fooled: Serena's not tiring out. Turns out that a decade ago, when critics chirped that Williams acted indifferent toward tennis, she was just resting up for a remarkable run in her 30s, when many players take up golf. Heck, she returned to the court a few hours after the final to win the Wimbledon doubles with sister Venus. Next up: September's U.S. Open, with the chance to pass Graf's mark.

—SEAN GREGORY

Williams has won nine Grand Slam singles titles since turning 30



SPOTLIGHT

Britain's Theresa May takes power with Brexit in her sights

By Dan Stewart/London

IT TOOK A FEW OF THE MOST TURBULENT weeks in the history of British politics, but Westminster's own game of thrones finally has a winner. Theresa May, the former Home Secretary, succeeded David Cameron as Prime Minister on July 13, little more than two weeks after he announced he would quit following the country's Brexit vote to leave the European Union. Now it's up to the new occupant of 10 Downing Street to figure out exactly how that will happen.

The ascent of a second woman to the office of Prime Minister invites inevitable comparisons to Margaret Thatcher, who remade Britain during her 11-year rule, but May would seem to have more in common with another powerful female leader: Angela Merkel. Like the German Chancellor, May is a clergyman's daughter who is guarded about her private life, driven by duty rather than fierce ideology or an overt desire for the limelight.

'Politics could do with some bloody difficult women, actually'

But unlike Merkel she is a hard-liner on immigration who has long been skeptical of the E.U.

The 59-year-old first became a Member of Parliament in 1997, just as her center-right Conservative Party entered a 13-year period in opposition after running the country since 1979. She became the party's first female chairperson in 2002 and made a name for herself in a major speech that year urging the Conservatives to pursue a more compassionate approach. "Our base is too narrow and so, occasionally, are our sympathies," she said. "You know what some people call us: the nasty party."

It would take eight more years for the Conservatives to win back power, and when Cameron formed a coalition government in 2010 he appointed May

to lead the Home Office, the large British ministry that oversees immigration, policing and domestic security. She would remain in that position—one of the most difficult in the British government—for six years, becoming the longest-serving Home Secretary in six decades and one of the most powerful people in Cameron's Cabinet.

May's tenure at the Home Office was not without controversy; she was heavily criticized for her immigration policies—including so-called Go Home vans, which toured the country offering to help illegal immigrants self-deport—and minimum salary requirements for

Britons wishing to bring foreign families to the U.K. But she also introduced a wave of police reforms and saw crime in England and Wales fall during her time in office to its lowest point in three decades. People who worked with her at the department describe her as a tough, sometimes ruthless boss who takes a keen interest in the minutiae of policy.

During the E.U. referendum campaign, May backed remaining within the bloc but deliberately kept a low profile, split between her personal distrust of the European project and her loyalty to Cameron, who was campaigning furiously to keep Britain in. When the



MAY: HANNAH NOKAY—AP; CAMERON: MAX MUMBY—GETTY IMAGES

MAY DATA: THREE THINGS TO KNOW

The biography of Britain's new Prime Minister has a few unexpected details:

Diabetic at Downing

May has Type 1 diabetes and maintains her blood-sugar levels with regular insulin injections. One diabetes charity says she is the first world leader known to have the condition.

Meeting her match

She was introduced to her husband Philip at Oxford University in 1976 by another future Prime Minister, Pakistan's Benazir Bhutto.

Big shoes to fill

May is resolutely unflashy in all but one department: her footwear. Her high-heeled and brightly patterned shoes have become a trademark.

◀ *May, speaking after her appointment on July 13, promised to make Britain a country that works "for every one of us"*

country went the other way and Cameron announced his resignation, other candidates quickly self-immolated. May emerged as the unity candidate—she even appointed Boris Johnson, a major figure in the Brexit campaign and a leadership rival, as Foreign Secretary. She is an ally of Cameron's who has the trust of the modernizing wing of the party, and an instinctive Euroskeptic who could be counted upon to bring the U.K. out of the E.U.

May's premiership will be defined by how she manages that departure from the European Union, which Foreign Secretary Philip Hammond has warned

could take up to six years to complete. It will certainly not be hasty; May has said repeatedly she will not trigger Article 50 of the E.U. Treaty, which starts a formal two-year process of withdrawal, until 2017.

Preparation will still begin right away, however. May quickly appointed David Davis, an acknowledged Brexiteer, to lead negotiations with bureaucrats in the E.U.'s Brussels headquarters. The goal will be to maintain the U.K.'s access to the single European market but gain the ability to set limits on E.U. migration—the so-called "Norway plus" option modeled on that country's relationship with the E.U. That won't be an easy sell—Europe will certainly insist on free movement as a condition of access to the market, and hard feelings remain after Brexit. But European Council President Donald Tusk sounded a positive note as May took office, saying July 13 that "after this so-called divorce procedure, the U.K. will remain our closest partner."

Whether a compromise can be forged will rest on May, especially since any deal with Brussels will have to be approved by her 27 counterparts still in the union. She has pledged to be a firm negotiator but also to maintain stability as the discussions begin. "We cannot let [Brexit] consume us," she said. "There are a lot of other things the government has to do as well."

Chief among those is repairing the rift in British society exposed by the referendum. The decision to leave was influenced as much by lack of opportunity and distrust of government as by animus toward the E.U. She has signaled a shift toward economic populism with plans to overhaul corporate governance and narrow the gap between the rich and the poor. Speaking moments after her appointment, May said Britain was at a "time of great national change" but pledged to "forge a bold new positive role for ourselves in the world."

May may not be another Iron Lady, but she is content to be considered a "bloody difficult woman"—a term used by a senior Tory to describe her that she has reclaimed as a badge of honor. "Politics could do with some bloody difficult women, actually," May said. The E.U. had better get ready. □

CAMERON'S LEGACY

His July 13 resignation as Prime Minister is clouded by Brexit. For better or worse, here's what he'll be remembered for

1

Rescuing the economy

Cameron, who took office in 2010, is credited by some for rescuing the British economy from the depths of the 2008 global financial crisis. But critics say many of the jobs created were insecure and low paid, while government spending cuts hurt the most vulnerable.

2

Same-sex marriage

Cameron has called his gay-marriage bill, which came into effect in 2014, one of his greatest achievements. The act faced strong opposition from religious groups and party members before it was passed by Parliament in 2013.

3

Libya intervention

Britain joined the NATO-led coalition against then Libyan leader Muammar Gaddafi in 2011. But Cameron and his allies did little to fill the vacuum created by Gaddafi's removal. Libya has essentially been in a state of civil war ever since.

4

2014 Scotland referendum

Cameron led a cross-party coalition and a star-studded cast, which included J.K. Rowling and President Obama, to persuade Scotland to stay in the U.K. It worked: the Scotland referendum in 2014 was a win for the status quo when 55% voted to remain with the U.K.

5

E.U. referendum

His biggest failure was of his own making. In an attempt to heal internal party division over the E.U., Cameron pledged in 2013 to renegotiate Britain's relationship with the bloc through a referendum. He gambled that U.K. voters would opt to stay. He was wrong.

—Tara John







SOUTH SUDAN

Suffering and squandered hope in a war-weary country

JULY 9 WAS THE FIFTH ANNIVERSARY of the world's youngest country, but the citizens of South Sudan had no cause for celebration. Heavy fighting between the government forces of President Salva Kiir and troops loyal to his rival, Vice President Riek Machar, broke what had been an uneasy peace. Hundreds of people in the capital of Juba were killed, and tens of thousands were forced to flee their homes.

Though a tentative cease-fire was put into place on July 11, it is at best a temporary reprieve for what has been a two-year civil war. That conflict has divided the country along ethnic lines—Kiir is Dinka, while Machar is from the minority Nuer—and has resulted in the deaths of tens of thousands of people. Over 2 million South Sudanese have been displaced, while rape and other atrocities have become far too common. South Sudan has silently become a human-rights nightmare, one of the worst in the world.

It didn't have to be this way. South Sudan's independence in 2011—achieved with the help of the U.S.—was considered a diplomatic landmark. The country is blessed with plentiful oil reserves. But its leaders have repeatedly let South Sudan down. As U.N. Secretary-General Ban Ki-moon said after the latest round of violence, “Rarely has a country squandered so much promise so quickly.”

—BRYAN WALSH

In this photo released by the U.N. Mission in South Sudan, women rest as they take cover from the fighting on the perimeter of a U.N. compound in Juba on July 8

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC KANALSTEIN—UNMISS/AP

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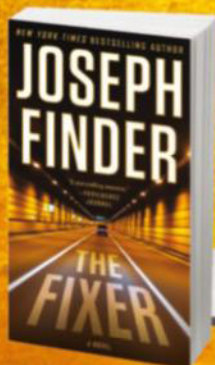
THE SECRETS WE KEEP NEVER TRULY STAY BURIED

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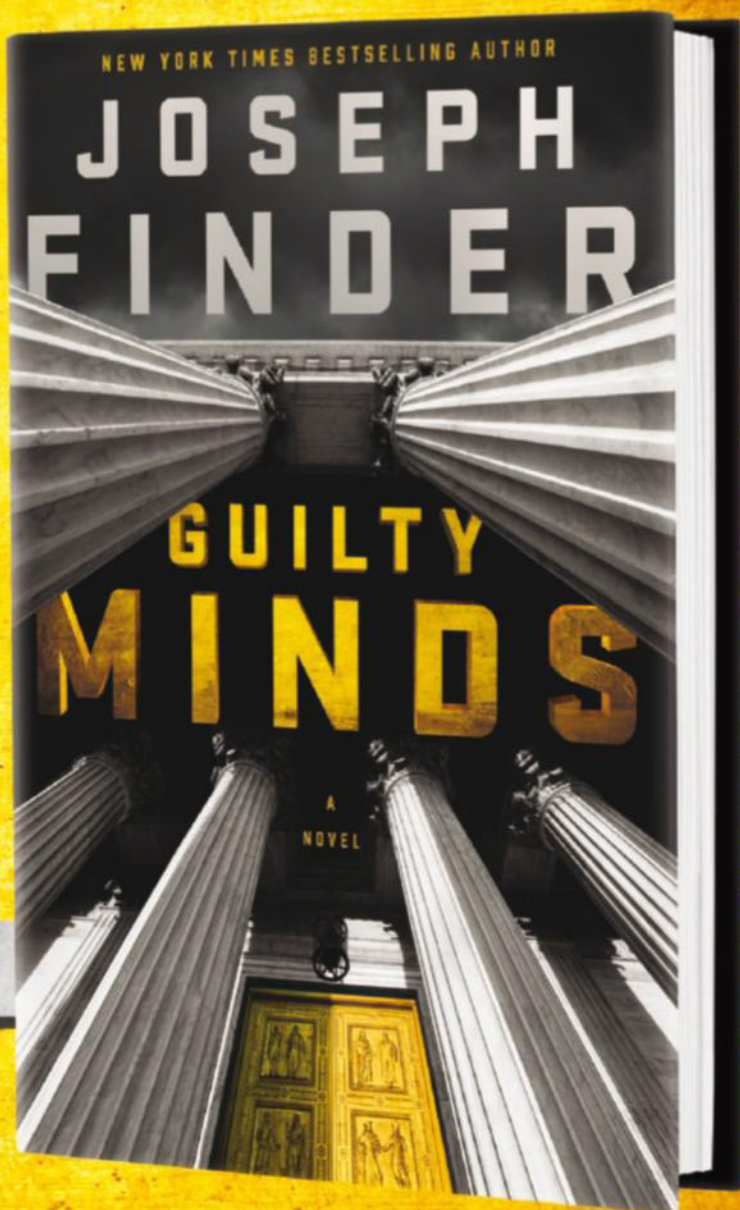
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'I WON'T STOP WORRYING ABOUT YOU UNTIL I DIE.' —PAGE 31



A crowd of Pokémon Go players gathers to catch and collect digital creatures in New York City's Union Square



TECHNOLOGY

The Pokémon fad shows the unnerving future of augmenting reality

By Matt Vella

ON A RECENT SUMMER EVENING, something strange happened in Prospect Park, in Brooklyn. As usual, joggers zipped along the edge of Long Meadow and dog owners did their postprandial duty. But this time they were joined by a dozen people shuffling about haphazardly, their zombie eyes fixed on glowing phone screens. This ad hoc crowd was busy catching Pokémon, the virtual creatures at the heart of the latest out-of-nowhere smartphone craze.

Pokémon Go, released on July 6 for Apple iOS and Google Android devices, is the first game in the 20-year-old franchise specifically designed for mobile gadgets. *Go*, developed by San Francisco-based Niantic, employs a phone's GPS to make Pokémon appear near players' physical locations.

Using the built-in camera, creatures pop up onscreen, integrated within the real world around them. Different types of Pokémon, which range from two-headed ostriches to plushy dragons, manifest at different times of day in public places—parks, museums, monuments—encouraging outdoor exploration. The game is free to download but charges for optional digital items that can speed up players' progress.

Even in an era of viral fads and Internet-breaking stunts, *Pokémon Go* became a thing at record pace. It shot to the top of the app charts, the fastest mobile game ever to reach No. 1 in terms of revenue, according to tracking firm App Annie. Investors cheered by the game's sudden popularity added \$7.5 billion to Nintendo's market value in two days. (The Japanese firm partly



owns the series' creator.) And according to Google Trends, "Pokémon" searches even surpassed those for porn, if only temporarily.

Pokémon Go represents something well beyond previous hits like *Candy Crush Saga* or *FarmVille*. It is a milestone for so-called augmented reality (AR), the practice of overlaying digital images on the real world via smartphone screen or head-mounted display. Companies from Ikea to Lockheed Martin have been experimenting with the concept for years. In March, Microsoft released a developer version of HoloLens, a prototype AR headset that can provide instructions for fixing a busted bathroom sink as well as play *Minecraft* in 3-D on your coffee table. Florida-based startup Magic Leap, one of the most hyped ventures in tech these days, has raised over \$1 billion in funding, based largely on demos of its own AR technology that look like *Pokémon Go* on methamphetamine.

But *Go* successfully uses AR as a sweetener to a mix of nostalgia for *Pokémon*, which peaked in popularity during the late '90s, when many millennials were preteens, as well as elements of long-gone Internet-age fads from geocaching to flash mobs. While technologists have been trying to perfect how AR works, *Pokémon* has provided one early answer for why you'd want it to.

The basic goodness or badness of AR—like any technology that proposes tinkering with the material of our reality—will be long debated. In science fiction, at least, the results are decidedly mixed. *Star Trek*'s holodeck is a (mostly) beneficent tool for shared understanding; in Pat Cadigan's 1991 classic *Synners*, the augmentation of reality takes on a macabre, nightmarish quality as it enables corporate interests and human sensualism to run amok. Advanced AR could allow you to experience the world from another person's perspective—or lock you permanently into your own.

For now, it's mostly weird. *Go* has generated dystopian headlines, like the one about the teen girl in Wyoming who ran across a dead body while hunting Pokémon, or the man in Holyoke, Mass., who found himself besieged by players when the game randomly designated his home a prime gathering spot. There were just as many reports of gamers rejoicing at having a reason to exercise, strangers bonding over a shared interest and parents finding new ways to play with their kids.

These early anecdotes suggest how AR could reshape notions of public space, for example, or make it more difficult to opt out of new technology. The fundamental question AR asks of us will likely be: How do you coexist in a world where people literally see things you cannot? Whether it is ironic or merely to be expected that this future dilemma has crept into our present by way of cloying collectible pets is another matter. □

VERBATIM
'I can't imagine what this place would be—I can't imagine what the country would be—with Donald Trump as our President.'

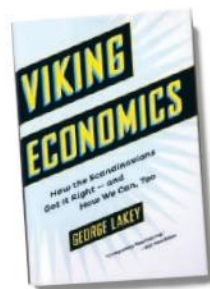
RUTH BADER GINSBURG, Supreme Court Justice, to the *New York Times*; Trump replied that it was "highly inappropriate" for a Supreme Court Justice to get involved in a presidential campaign



BOOK IN BRIEF

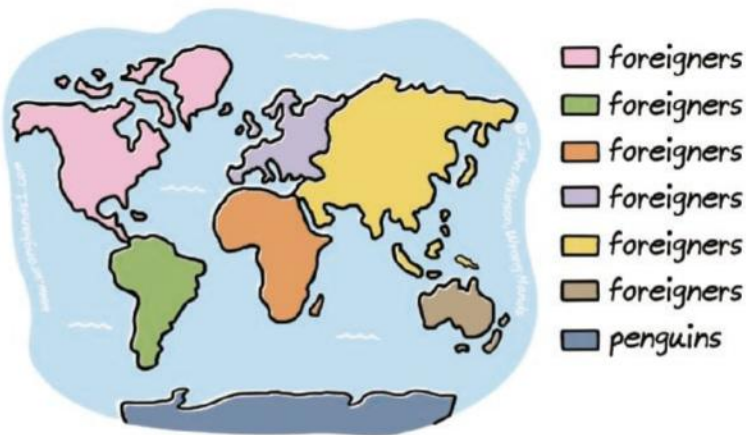
America: more socialist than it seems?

FOR DECADES, U.S. LAWMAKERS HAVE dismissed the possibility of bringing Nordic-style social democracy, with its robust and diverse welfare programs, to America. Conservatives say it goes against our bootstrapping ideals, while liberals lament that it's too progressive to catch on. But in his new book *Viking Economics*, George Lakey argues that both objections are flimsy. While it's true that many Americans balk at the idea of socialism, polling reveals strong bipartisan support for socialist-style programs like Medicare, and more than two-thirds of Americans believe the government should help the needy get food and shelter. (Among the under-30 set, support for socialism and capitalism is roughly equal.) Of course, fully embracing Nordic-style policies—and in turn upping access to health care, education and more—would require something Americans are categorically allergic to: tax hikes. Then again, Lakey concludes, you get what you pay for. —SARAH BEGLEY



CHARTOON

Xenophobic world map



JOHN ATKINSON, WRONG HANDS

QUICK TAKE

How to save the world's forests—with tires

By Carter Roberts

MOST TALK ABOUT CONSERVATION AND travel tends to revolve around reducing emissions: fewer pollutants means fewer harmful climate changes.

But protecting the environment isn't just about tailpipes; it's about tires and the rubber that's used to make them. Right now, most of it comes from exotic tree plantations in Southeast Asia. Since the 1980s, its production has led to the loss of hundreds of millions of acres of natural forest, threatening the species that call those places home.

It doesn't have to be that way. Last month, Michelin, the world's largest buyer of natural rubber, announced a new zero-deforestation policy, setting the bar for the rest of the industry. Its goal is to produce rubber responsibly, working in places like Indonesia's Thirty Hills

region to design wildlife-friendly plantations that offer sustainable income for local communities. The move comes on the heels of the U.N.'s 2014 Climate Summit in New York City, where 53 of the world's largest companies—sans the rubber industry—pledged to eliminate deforestation from their supply chains.

To be sure, plenty of work lies ahead, especially in the Tanintharyi landscape (along the border of Burma and Thailand), where rising rubber production could wipe out some of the richest mammal populations in Asia. But that work must be done. Our tires should support the wheels of progress—not leave behind a path of destruction.

Roberts is the president and CEO of World Wildlife Fund

BIG IDEA

A new blue

If this color seems familiar, look again. It's a never-before-seen shade of blue, accidentally discovered by researchers at Oregon State University who were testing compounds for uses in electronics. In the heat of their furnace, one mixture turned from dark brown to a vivid hue of blue—which, it turns out, was an entirely new pigment. "I thought, Wow," recalls Mas Subramaniam, the professor who led the OSU research team. The researchers named the pigment YInMn Blue after its three elements: Yttrium (Y), Indium (In) and Manganese (Mn). But there's more to it than good looks: the mixture absorbs UV light and resists high temperatures, making it a promising color option for cooling roofs. YInMn is expected to be commercially available before 2017 (for now, printed photos can't fully reproduce the hue). Subramaniam says he hopes it will eventually be used to make "a painting in a museum." —Julia Zorthian



Paint, by numbers

The pigment will be sold exclusively by the Shepherd Color Co., likely for a pricey \$1,000/kg (thanks to its rare elements). It can be mixed into paint, plastic and more.



DATA LOVE AND TELEVISION

As part of a promotion for its first original streaming series, *Glued*, Xfinity teamed up with research firm Propeller Insights to survey almost 2,000 adults ages 25 to 49 about their relationships. Perhaps not surprisingly, the cable company concluded that TV plays an outside role:



66%

of couples said watching TV together made their relationship stronger; that number grew to almost 75% for millennial couples



55%

of parents said they had sent their kids to bed earlier or later so they could watch a favorite show



50%

of couples said they had "TV cheated," or watched a show without their partner



28%

of single millennials said they had nixed a potential relationship over TV preferences

How the NBA stole the summer spotlight

By Sean Gregory

JUST HOW DEEP ARE THE NBA'S HOOKS IN THE CONSCIOUSNESS of American sports fans? Consider July 4, when social media and sports talk radio were lit up not by the on-court action at Wimbledon or debate over pennant races in America's notional national pastime but by a business decision in a sport whose season won't begin until late October. When free-agent basketball star Kevin Durant used America's birthday to declare his own independence from the Oklahoma City Thunder and join the greatest regular-season team in NBA history—the 73-win Golden State Warriors—the sports world lost its mind. After eight years without a title in Oklahoma City, Durant was called a traitor for ditching a passionate small-market fan base in favor of a talent-packed supersquad. That he fled to the Warriors, against whom the Thunder blew a two-game lead in the Western Conference finals, only added to the criticism.

So yes, sympathize with OKC, whose future prospects are bleak. But take a moment to recognize what it all means for the larger sports landscape. Thanks to a combination of economic, technological and cultural forces, professional basketball is hotter than ever. The comings and goings of free-agent players are commanding more attention than the results of in-season sports, and the eight-figure contracts they're signing would give Warren Buffett sticker shock. This may sound like a bad thing. But it actually bodes very well for the future of America's marquee sports export.

The roots of this go-go moment in the NBA date back to 2010, when LeBron James left the Cleveland Cavaliers to join fellow stars Dwyane Wade and Chris Bosh in Miami. Much like the new-look Warriors, this squad formed a supposedly villainous “superteam” that would destroy all semblance of competitive balance. Those Heat teams, however, didn't stomp all over the league like some sort of high-topped Godzilla. They won two championships but also lost in the finals twice: to the sweet-shooting Dallas Mavericks in 2011 and to the beautifully unselfish San Antonio Spurs in 2014. Further, intriguing



^
Superteams—like Wade, James and Bosh in Miami; and Curry, Durant and Thompson at Golden State—produce big ratings

story lines emerged that no one had seen coming in 2010, like the rise of the Warriors, 26-56 that season, and their skinny, shoot-from-the-parking-lot point guard, Stephen Curry.

EVER SINCE JAMES famously took his talents to South Beach and then back to Cleveland, the NBA's popularity has surged. The 2010–11 regular season,



LIVING WITH ALZHEIMER'S.



PHOTO-ILLUSTRATION BY SEAN MCCABE; GETTY IMAGES (9)

DVR-proof live events that attract an engaged mass audience, the cost of airing NBA games has soared. In October 2014, the league re-upped with ESPN and Turner, signing a nine-year, \$24 billion extension that represented a 180% increase over the previous deal. The new money starts flowing this upcoming season. As a result, the league's per-team salary cap spiked from \$70 million in 2015–16 to \$94 million in 2016–17, a 34% increase.

Because of this good fortune, the Warriors could afford to add 2014 NBA MVP Durant, for \$54 million over two years, to a team that already includes two-time reigning MVP Curry and All-Stars Klay Thompson and Draymond Green. But it's not just elite players who are benefiting. Under the NBA's labor agreement, teams must spend 90% of their salary cap on their roster. As a result, role players like Timofey Mozgov and Matthew Dellavedova are being paid more than the GDP of the Pacific island nation of Tuvalu.

Plenty of these deals could backfire on teams, Durant's included. But they won't slow the NBA's ascent. This year's Cavaliers-Warriors finals drew, on average, 20.2 million viewers, making it the most watched series since Michael Jordan's last go-around with the Chicago Bulls in 1998. Another rematch next year, with Durant on his quest for a first title in the mix, would deliver spectacular basketball—and an even bigger ratings boost.

Unless you live in Oklahoma City, that's something worth cheering. □

for example, was the most viewed ever on ABC, ESPN and Turner. Average viewership on ABC spiked 38% over one year. Dynamic players like James, Durant and Chris Paul expanded the league's appeal as pitchmen for *Fortune* 500 companies.

And the NBA has cashed in. In an era when TV networks are willing to pay a premium for supposedly

MONEY BALLING

A \$24 billion TV contract extension—a 180% increase over the NBA's previous deal—has inflated the 2016–17 salary cap, enabling non–All-Star players to sign astronomical contracts. Here are three of the luckiest:



TIMOFEY MOZGOV,
\$64 MILLION (Los Angeles Lakers, 4 years)

Mozgov, a 7-ft. 1-in. center from Russia, will make more than two-time defending NBA MVP Stephen Curry in 2016–17 (\$15 million, to Curry's \$12.1 million). At that salary, Mozgov needs to score more than the 6.3 points per game he did for the Cavs last season.



MATTHEW DELLAVEDOVA,
\$38.4 MILLION (Milwaukee Bucks, 4 years)

Aussie-born Delly was a crowd pleaser in Cleveland. He's a pesty—some say dirty—defender and can make an open 3-pointer. But in no rational market does a player with Dellavedova's ability make nearly \$10 million a year.



MIKE CONLEY,
\$153 MILLION (Memphis Grizzlies, 5 years)

Conley, a nine-year veteran, is a fine NBA point guard. But he's never made an All-Star team. His player efficiency rating ranks 46th in the league. So he wasn't on anyone's short list to sign the richest contract in NBA history, which he did with Memphis this summer.

SUPPORTING SOMEONE WITH ALZHEIMER'S.



The healing power of nature

By Alexandra Sifferlin

IT SOUNDED MORE LIKE A LARK THAN a scientific study when a handful of Japanese researchers set out to discover whether something special—and clinically therapeutic—happens when people spend time in nature. They were inspired by a new recommendation from the Forest Agency of Japan, which in the early 1980s began advising people to take strolls in the woods for better health. The practice was called forest bathing, or *shinrin-yoku*, and it was believed to lower stress—but that hadn't been proved. Since then, a large body of evidence has shown that spending time in nature is responsible for many measurable beneficial changes in the body.

In one early study, Yoshifumi Miyazaki, a forest-therapy expert and researcher at Chiba University in Japan, found that people who spent 40 minutes walking in a cedar forest had lower levels of the stress hormone cortisol, which is involved in blood pressure and immune-system function, compared with when they spent 40 minutes walking in a lab. "I was surprised," Miyazaki recalls. "Spending time in the forest induces a state of physiologic relaxation."

Another researcher, Dr. Qing Li, a professor at the Nippon Medical School in Tokyo, found that trees and plants emit aromatic compounds called



phytoncides that, when inhaled, can spur healthy biological changes in a manner similar to aromatherapy, which has also been studied for its therapeutic benefits. In his studies, Li has shown that when people walk through or stay overnight in forests, they often exhibit changes in the blood that are associated with protection against cancer, better

immunity and lower blood pressure.

Recent studies have also linked nature to symptom relief for health issues like heart disease, depression, cancer, anxiety and attention disorders.

"The quiet atmosphere, beautiful scenery, good smells and fresh, clean air in forests all contribute to the effects," says Li. □



LOST SOMEONE TO ALZHEIMER'S.



1

IT CAN LOWER BLOOD PRESSURE

Spending time outside is good for the heart, research shows, and since high blood pressure costs the U.S. approximately \$48.6 billion per year and affects 1 in 3 Americans, visiting green spaces may be a simple and affordable way to improve heart health. A large June 2016 study found that nearly 10% of people with high blood pressure could get their hypertension under control if they spent just 30 minutes or more in a park each week. “If everyone were to make time for nature, the savings on health care costs could be incredible,” says study author Danielle Shanahan, a research fellow at the University of Queensland in Australia.

The fresh air could be one factor, since air pollution has been linked to a higher risk for heart attacks, but since the study participants lived in cities (and therefore were also being exposed to air pollution), that likely isn’t the only driver. Scientists think stress reduction also plays a part. “Nature is undemanding,” says Shanahan. “It requires effortless attention to look at the leaves of a tree, unlike the constant emails at work or the chores at home.”

Trees’ natural fragrance may also play a role, as some studies have shown that phytoncides lower blood pressure by quelling the body’s fight-or-flight response, which stresses the body.



2

EXPOSURE TO IT CAN INCREASE AWE

Looking at a stunning waterfall or undulating countryside can do more than enrich your Instagram feed: it can also elicit feelings of awe that bring a number of health benefits. In a 2015 study, researcher Paul Piff of the University of California, Irvine, found that people who spent 60 seconds looking up at towering trees were more likely to report feeling awe, after which they were more likely to help a stranger than people who looked at an equally tall—but far less awe-inspiring—building.

“Experiences of awe attune people to things larger than themselves,” says Piff. “They cause individuals to feel less entitled, less selfish, and to behave in more generous and helping ways.” The benefits of awe are physical too: regularly experiencing moments of awe has been linked to lower levels of inflammatory compounds in the body.

Everyday interactions with nature can also benefit. An April 2016 study of 44 cities found that urban areas with more parks scored higher on measures of community well-being. That’s likely because parks give people opportunities to socialize and be active with their neighbors, which could improve health, the researchers say. People in cities with lots of green space were more likely to report having more energy, good health and a sense of purpose too.



Plants and trees release compounds that protect them from pests; when humans inhale those compounds, it promotes healthy—and measurable—biological changes

COREY HENDRICKSON—GALLERY STOCK;
ILLUSTRATIONS BY PETER RYAN FOR TIME



DETERMINED TO END ALZHEIMER'S.



3 IT PROMOTES CANCER-FIGHTING CELLS

An April 2016 study published in the journal *Environmental Health Perspectives* reported that women living in areas with a lot of vegetation had a 12% lower risk of death from all causes compared with people in the least green places. That could be thanks to cleaner air, but nature may also offer its own medicine. Li's research at Nippon Medical School shows that when people walk through a forest, they inhale phytoncides that increase their number of natural killer (NK) cells—a type of white blood cell that supports the immune system and is associated with a lower risk of cancer. NK cells are also thought to have a role in combating infections and autoimmune disorders and tamping down inflammation, which contributes to a wide range of ailments, including heart disease and diabetes.

In a 2010 study, researchers found that people who took two long walks through forests on consecutive days increased their NK cells by 50% and the activity of these cells by 56%. Those activity levels remained 23% higher than usual for the month following the walks. In another study, Li and his co-authors found that infusing people's hotel rooms with phytoncides had some of the same anti-cancer-cell effects as those seen among people walking through forests.

4 IT CAN HELP WITH DEPRESSION AND ANXIETY

Not surprisingly, urban dwellers are far more likely to have anxiety and mood disorders than people who live in rural areas. That's the bad news, since about 80% of Americans live in cities. The good news is that a small 2015 study published in the *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences* found that people who walked for 90 minutes in a natural setting, such as a forest or a nature park, were less likely to ruminate—a hallmark of depression and anxiety—and had lower activity in an area of the brain linked to depression than people who walked in an urban area. "Accessible natural areas may be vital for mental health in our rapidly urbanizing world," the study authors write.

The exact mechanism of how nature helps mood disorders is unclear, but researchers agree that at the very least, time in nature tends to lift spirits. "When you have a short blast of nature exposure, people's moods go up," says Ming Kuo, an environment and behavior scientist at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign. Another possibility is that the air near moving water, forests and mountains contains high levels of negative ions, which are thought to potentially reduce depression symptoms, according to a study in *Frontiers in Psychology*.

5 IT MAY HELP WITH ADHD SYMPTOMS

Small studies in kids with attention-deficit/hyperactivity disorder (ADHD) have suggested that nature walks could be a potential natural treatment to improve attention. In one study, a team led by Kuo of the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign had kids with ADHD take three 20-minute walks, without their medication, in different locations: a park, a neighborhood and an urban area. When the researchers tested the children afterward, they found that after a park walk, the kids were able to concentrate substantially better than after a walk in the other settings. In a separate 2011 study, Kuo and her colleagues found that children who regularly played in outdoor areas had milder ADHD symptoms, according to their parents, than children who played indoors or in areas with less nature access. "Nature gives the part of the brain that's used in effortful concentration a rest," says Kuo. "If you spend time doing something mentally relaxing, you feel rejuvenated."

People without ADHD symptoms can also improve their attention and concentration by interacting with nature, evidence suggests. One University of Michigan study found that people improved their short-term memory by 20% after a nature walk but had no changes after walking through city streets.

6 EVEN FAKE NATURE HAS BENEFITS

Before you start planning your escape to the countryside, consider this: "There is plenty of evidence that you will get a range of benefits even if all you can manage is putting a plant in your room or looking at trees through your window at home," says the University of Queensland's Shanahan.

Research shows that even if they're artificial, the images, sounds and smells of nature can have positive health effects. Listening to nature sounds over headphones, for instance, has been shown to help people recover faster from stress—which might explain why so many spas employ nature sounds in their treatment rooms.

Several studies have also shown that having a window view can improve attention, reduce stress and even help people in hospitals heal after operations. One widely cited study of people recovering from abdominal surgery found that those with tree-lined views were released faster from the hospital, experienced fewer complications and required less pain medication than people whose rooms faced a brick wall.

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The truth about police violence—and who the heroes and villains are among all of us

By Kareem Abdul-Jabbar

I EXPLAIN MY PASSION FOR HISTORY TO MY FRIENDS BY quoting American philosopher George Santayana: “Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it.” That simple concept of not drinking from the same carton of sour milk twice is the foundation of civilization as well as of personal spiritual growth.

Yet here we are again. More dead bodies. More outrage. More finger-pointing. Like a grotesque Quentin Tarantino version of *Groundhog Day* in which we experience the same horrific day over and over. Our only hope for release from this loop of lunacy is to learn how to display our humanity.

Except that yearned-for release never comes.

We never seem able to honestly examine the obvious pattern of causes without defensive posturing. Without looking for scapegoats to assuage our fear and anger. Without denying our own complicit and complacent guilt.

I TAKE GREAT PRIDE in the fact that my grandfather and father were both dedicated law-enforcement officers. They spent their lives putting the needs of the community over their own, sometimes at their peril. So I am especially reluctant to hurl accusations. And as an African American, I am reluctant to hurl accusations. I don’t endorse vigilante violence.

While it’s important for authorities, human-rights organizations and people on the street to condemn such acts of violence, it’s also important that we move past our rage to examine these acts in context so that we might prevent them in the future. Part of that context is the fact that the recent police killings of Philando Castile and Alton Sterling, the 135th and 136th African Americans to be killed by police in the U.S. in 2016, have revived the fears of all people of color. The hope for change that followed the protests after the deaths of Michael Brown, Freddie Gray and Eric Garner has been dashed. In fact, things seem to have gotten more dangerous. More people have been killed by police this year than in the same period in 2015. Police rightfully point out that in half those deaths, the perpetrators fired their guns first, and officer deaths are also up: 20 killed in the first six months of 2016 vs. 16 in the same period of 2015.

When it comes to racial conflict, there are those who want to exploit the issue for political gain. They try to degrade the complexity of the problem to the most simplistic B-movie status: heroes vs. villains. This is accomplished by constantly rousing our emotions to misdirect us from working together to find solutions. So, if we want to find heroes, look for those using this tragedy as inspiration for peaceful resolutions.

BIAS BY THE NUMBERS

1,502

people have been killed by on-duty officers since Jan. 1, 2015, according to the Washington Post—732 white, 381 black and 382 of unknown race. Sounds like more whites? No.

40%

of deaths of unarmed people at the hands of police were of black men, though they make up only 6% of the U.S. population, as the *Post* points out.

THE FIRST GROUP of heroes are those conscientious police who are doing everything they can to institute serious changes as quickly as possible. Given the resistance they face from some politicians and members of their own departments, it’s like trying to reverse the rotation of the earth. Yet they push on. Part of the problem is inbred racism within departments. Another part is funding. Los Angeles spent an estimated \$300 million on reforming the department after an antigang squad was accused of beating and framing people.

Police reform needs to happen much more quickly than it has been, before we see another breaking-news bulletin with a black body slumped in death and a white uniformed police officer standing over him. And that requires the rest of us—private citizens and politicians alike—to put pressure on those hiding behind bureaucracies and buck-passing.

The other heroes to emerge are the relentlessly committed members and supporters of Black Lives Matter. They show up day after day, in city after city, getting their message across peacefully, articulately and with grace. Black Lives Matter organizer DeRay McKesson was arrested, along with approximately 120 others, while leading a peaceful protest down a road in Baton Rouge after the killing of Alton Sterling. They were charged with obstructing a highway, though many of the detained claimed they were on the side of the road. Even if they weren’t, the bullying lack of sensitivity of the local sheriff’s office shows how stuck in that *Groundhog Day*-à vu of doom we are.

In the end, both the police and the protesters who are championing reform will have a greater impact on ending racism than a dozen mass shootings. These men and women embody the displays of virtuous humanity that just might set us free.

Abdul-Jabbar is an NBA champion and the author of the forthcoming book Writings on the Wall

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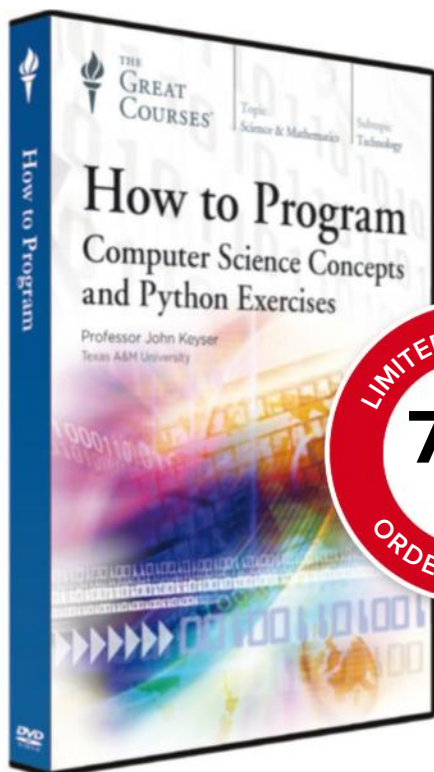


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Letters: A black father and his son

After police officers in Louisiana and Minnesota shot and killed two black men, Eddie Glaude, chair of the Department of African American Studies at Princeton University, wrote to his son Langston. Langston, a rising junior at Brown University, replied. This is their correspondence.

Dear Langston,

I thought of you when I saw the son of Alton Sterling weeping at a press conference. It was the latest in a string of haunting public rituals of grief. The police had killed another black person. His cries made me think of you. It seems, ever since the murder of Trayvon Martin, and you were only 15 then, that you have had to come to terms with this fact: that police can wantonly kill us. That even I can't protect you.

I remembered that day when the grand jury in Cleveland declined to indict the officers who had killed Tamir Rice. We were in an airport, traveling home. You cursed out loud and paced like a trapped animal. I didn't know how to speak to your rage. How could I keep it from coloring your soul a deep shade of blue? When I read your Facebook posts on Sterling's and Philando Castile's deaths, I felt the sting. You are your grandfather's and father's child.

James Baldwin wrote in 1964—and you know how much I love Baldwin—in “The Uses of the Blues,” that “in every generation, ever since Negroes have been here, every Negro mother and father has had to face that child and try to create in that child some way of surviving this particular world, some way to make the child who will be despised not despise himself.” Here we are in 2016 and I am worried about the state of your spirit—worried that the ugliness of this world and the nastiness of some of the white people who inhabit it might dirty you on the inside.

I find myself more often than not, and upon reflection this is an astonishing thing to say, no less think, wishing you were 7 years old again. You were adorable at 7. The vexations of the teenage years were far off, and you still liked me. I say this not because I find having an empty nest unbearable, or that I long to raise a teenager again—I say it because I feel that you would be safer at home, with us.

Those tears, son, shook me. Diamond Reynolds' 4-year-old baby consoling her mother made me tremble. I love you, and I don't know what I would do if anything ever happened to you. But I am proud to see your radical rage. Keep fighting. And remember, as your grandmother reminds me with all of the wisdom that Mississippi living can muster, that I won't stop worrying about you until I die.

*Love,
Dad*

Dear Dad,

When I saw those videos of Alton Sterling and Philando Castile, I thought of you and mom. I thought of Michael Brown's mother and wondered about the pain and anguish you both would feel if that were me in those videos. Then I saw the video of Alton Sterling's son, and I thought about if it had been one of you in those videos, stolen from me by a policeman. That thought alone triggered emotions inside me that I didn't know existed.

I remember when I first got into activism. You were always checking up on me, making sure that I was being careful about what I said and who I said it to. I thought you were being your typical dad self, overprotective of your little boy. I also remember when I started getting death threats on Facebook and Twitter. A neo-Nazi group had put my picture up on its Twitter feed. I was terrified. I ran to you.

You may not have known it then, but your presence at the time was one of the most important things that could have happened to me. On the outside I appeared to be able to keep my composure, but on the inside I was scared. With a single tweet, my confidence and feeling of safety was shattered. The world seemed like it was doing everything in its power to destroy me. And despite your parental instincts, which I know were screaming to pull me off social media, you pushed me to reach higher, to stand by right and to rise above the ugliness.

In these times of injustice, great anger and grief, I find myself consistently asking, What would my father do? Crazy, right? I'm actually listening to your advice for once. But it's knowing that you love and support me that gives me some sense of safety in this cruel world. And that is everything I need.

Funny, I, too, find myself wishing that I were a kid again. The world seemed so much simpler. But then I remember Tamir Rice. I remember Trayvon Martin, Michael Brown and Aiyana Jones. I look at the faces of countless black bodies piling up in our streets. And I remember my own experiences with police officers as a kid. The struggle must continue, for our future's sake.

*I love you, Dad.
Langston*



▲
*Langston
protests on
his college
campus*



After Baton Rouge, Minneapolis and Dallas, signs of passionate sanity

By Joe Klein

IN THE DAYS AFTER THE DALLAS POLICE massacre, American civility took a few small steps forward. A good part of this was attributable to the relative silence of the usual suspects, the partisans, the politicians, the professional protesters, the talk-radio blowhards. Donald Trump canceled his rallies and tweeted an unobjectionable call for national unity. Hillary Clinton, who cannot be compared to Trump as an incendiary force in American life, canceled her rallies too, but showed her limitations by making an entirely banal statement on the need for a “national conversation” about race.

At that very moment, a sophisticated and sensitive conversation about race—to my mind, the most thoughtful one we’ve had in years—was already breaking out. It was visible on cable television, where a succession of journalists interviewed a succession of Dallas citizens and civic leaders who expressed neither hate nor anger nor intemperance, but sadness and empathy. Even the local extremists seemed moderate: an African-American protester named Mark Hughes quietly explained to a boggled Craig Melvin of MSNBC that he had brought his AR-15 to the protest march to exercise his Second Amendment rights, but when the shooting started he surrendered the rifle to a police officer so that he wouldn’t be confused with the shooter. (His face was tweeted out as a possible suspect anyway.)

THE COMPLEXITY OF IT ALL was typically American, confounding the notion of a binary black-white race war. The police officers involved in the incidents were a mélange of races; the freaked-out cop who shot Philando Castile in Minnesota was Latino. There were police officers being photographed, smiling with the protesters

in Dallas; there were police officers of various races arresting Black Lives Matter leader DeRay Mckesson in Baton Rouge. “War in Dallas,” screamed the Drudge Report, but the reality seemed quite the opposite. Indeed, it could be argued that Dallas was a metaphor for the true state of race relations in the country—improving slowly, painfully but surely, after the explosions of police violence these past few years. The shooter, Micah Johnson, was a metaphor too—a radical, mentally disturbed outlier grabbing the headlines, distorting the actual state of the nation. In that way, he was reminiscent of Omar Mateen, the sexually confused and enraged loner who perpetrated the Orlando gay-bar massacre in June. Both were disturbed men who wrapped themselves in the cloak of larger

movements—and the media, especially in the Orlando case, chose to portray the events as acts of terrorism rather than of individual derangement, abetted by the easy access of deranged individuals to powerful firearms.

All of which raises the question: What if we are not “falling apart” as a nation? What if we are, in fact, doing what democracies are supposed to do—gradually learning, through experience, how to solve our most vexing

problems? The very presence of the cameras that recorded the apparently flagrant police shootings of Philando Castile and Alton Sterling is a sign of progress: in the future, given the use of police cameras and concerned citizens with phones, virtually every interaction between the police and the public will be filmed. (Given the presence of cameras in both those shootings, it is remarkable that the police reacted as outrageously as they did.) There were also some helpful voices in the crowd. There was Newt Gingrich, in a Facebook conversation with Van Jones, saying that “if you are a normal white American, the truth is you don’t understand being black in America, and you instinctively underestimate the level of discrimination and the level of additional risk.” And there was Dr. Brian Williams, part of the surgical team that treated the wounded Dallas officers, who admitted that as a black man, he was



At a service for the five Dallas police officers killed on July 7, President Obama, with Michelle Obama and Dallas Mayor Mike Rawlings, said he had “spoken at too many memorials”



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afraid of the police, and then recounted a time when he and his daughter had bought ice cream for an officer—just to show the police that they were appreciated by the community.

THOSE PANIC MONGERS who would compare the current moment to 1968 should note that there were few, if any, integrated surgical teams back then, and few black police chiefs or mayors in major American cities. There was no African-American Attorney General or Homeland Security director, like Loretta Lynch and Jeh Johnson, who set the civil, mournful tone in the hours after the massacre. And there was certainly no black President. There were few black journalists—like Craig Melvin—to report the situation with empathy, and there was a much smaller black middle class, people with homes and jobs and property to defend, to serve as a voice of stability. Those who argue that the fundamental hydraulics of race relations haven't changed in the past 40 years, like the intellectual Ta-Nehisi Coates, are deluding themselves and misleading their followers.

The problem of racial extremism remains—as does the tendency of the media to give the loudest, angriest voices the most attention. There are white racists aplenty. There is the tangled question of Black Lives Matter, which Rudy Giuliani inaccurately called “racist.” It is, as the videos of the protests make clear, an integrated ad hoc group. Its protests have been largely peaceful—and effective to a degree that its leadership refuses to admit because of its ideological need to be pessimistic. The presence of the cameras, the efforts of many police departments to reduce community tension, is partly attributable to the protests led by Black Lives Matter.

At the same time, it is a movement that has been flawed from the start by its myopic focus on police violence—which, as Giuliani accurately asserts, is minuscule compared with the level of black-on-black violence in poor communities. It is stating the obvious—though few liberals ever state it—that police of all colors are going to react more warily and be more panicky in areas that are violent. The cops who overreacted disastrously in Baton Rouge were responding to a report of a crazy man brandishing a gun in front of a convenience store. The police officer who inexcusably shot Castile as he reached for his driver's license was reacting to Castile's statement that he had a gun. The gun craziness of this society is a conversation that hasn't progressed nearly as far as our racial discussion.

THE SILENCE OF THE POLITICIANS was a blessing in the days after Dallas. In the past, both parties—and this is not a false equivalence—have exploited

27%
Percentage of ethnic or racial minorities in U.S. police departments in 2013, up from 15% in 1987. Still, for blacks, whose ranks rose from 9% to 12%, participation growth has been slower to materialize.

50%
Percentage increase in mean income among African Americans in the top income quintile from 1979 to 2014. Still, the top quintile for whites reached that mean in 1979.

the racial divide. On the Monday after Dallas, Donald Trump re-emerged and gave what was, for him, a pretty reasonable speech, acknowledging the need for “fairness” in the application of justice, but reviving code words like “law and order” from the museum of Republican race-baiting; and ultra-conservative media sources like Drudge and Rush Limbaugh did their usual dirty work.

The Democrats—and their media surrogates like Al Sharpton—also indulged in their usual undifferentiated acceptance of any and all micro-grievances. If nothing else, the progress in Dallas implies that the Democrats' divisive identity politics—the sorting of constituencies according to ethnicity, gender and sexual orientation—is beginning to seem dated too. Racialism—that is, the attempt to make benign distinctions according to race—isn't as obnoxious as racism, but it inhibits the movement toward an egalitarian society.

IN THE END, there was President Barack Obama. His Dallas speech wasn't the most memorable of his staggering 11 public eulogies after mass shootings. That honor goes to his talk in Charleston last year, when he sang “Amazing Grace.” But it was brilliant all the same, an appeal to reason on all sides that beggared the left- and right-wing sniping of recent days, and the past seven years, about Obama's being somehow deficient in these instances, a vehement partisan taking the side of the protesters, a leader who had somehow made race relations worse.

Far from being partisan, Obama has been accurate and proportionate in his statements about race—just as he has been accurate and proportionate in his candid statements about American mistakes overseas, which have been derided by the hateful as an “apology tour.”

This President once again proved himself a moderate in Dallas, a balanced teller of plain truths. He acknowledged that he had seen “how inadequate my own words have been” when it comes to lowering the temperature, but also that, paraphrasing Scripture, suffering “produces perseverance, perseverance to character, and character to hope.” There can be no gainsaying his message; it was impeccable. And there can be no denying that neither of the choices we face in this election, Donald Trump or Hillary Clinton, has the rhetorical wherewithal or emotional intelligence to lead, as Obama has, on this most painful of issues—or that either political party has found the right balance of candor and empathy. The country is, slowly, becoming a better place because of Obama's leadership, and because of the willingness of local officials, like those in Dallas, to work at reconciliation. His passionate sanity will be sorely missed. □

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A photograph of Donald Trump sitting in the Oval Office, gesturing with his right hand. The background shows the office's interior with framed photos on a shelf.

CAMPAIGN ★ 2016

WHAT A PRESIDENT NEEDS TO KNOW

Amid the clamor of advisers and
the fog of hard calls, some basic
requirements remain

BY JON MEACHAM

*"I'm an intuitive
person," says
the candidate,
photographed at
Trump Tower
on July 11*



The suite is quiet—oddly so, given its occupant’s seismic effect on the life of the nation beyond Fifth Avenue.

And yet there is a pervasive hush here on the 26th floor of Trump Tower in midtown Manhattan, even in the corner office, where the tycoon turned Republican nominee sits at a cluttered desk. Vintage magazine covers featuring his image decorate the walls—Trump on *Fortune*, Trump on *BusinessWeek*, Trump on *GQ*, Trump on *Playboy*—while sports trophies (he’s about a 4 handicap on the golf course) are casually arranged on the windowsills. The only outward sign of what he has wrought: a modest stack of bumper stickers and a single red MAKE AMERICA GREAT AGAIN cap on the desk.

This late-spring morning, in a wide-ranging conversation with *TIME*, the subject is presidential literacy: What does a President need to know in order to, well, Make America Great Again? How does a candidate prepare to take up the virtually unimaginable burdens of the office? What kind of temperament is required to lead the nation in the first decades of the 21st century? Hearing the questions, Trump is polite but prefers to talk tactics. “I have a number of advantages over somebody else, even a traditional candidate,” he says. “Number one, I seem to get an inordinate amount of coverage. For whatever reason, I can’t even really define why. You turn on CNN, it’s all Trump all the time. It’s crazy. You watch all the networks, that’s the way it is.”

Coverage, however, does not necessarily translate into clarity. A startlingly successful vote getter who just engineered a takeover of the party of Lincoln, Eisenhower and Reagan, Trump nevertheless lacks traditional presidential credentials. How then to gauge what Trump knows and might do? “I’ve always rated experience far less than capability,” he says, arguing that from Benghazi to her emails, Hillary Clinton’s years in the arena demonstrate a pattern of bad judgment. “When people ask me would you rather have experience or talent, I’ll take talent every time. That’s not to knock experience, and I think I have both.” And he rejects the idea that he’s a political novice. “It’s not like I’ve not been in politics, but just not on this side of the ledger.”

How does he respond to the argument that he’s a salesman above all—someone who will say anything in a given situation, which makes it hard to judge how he would perform in the White House? “First of all, the country needs a salesman,” Trump replies. But, he adds, there is more to him than that: “I think my ideas are really good.”

One example that pops to mind: “The NATO

‘You want Presidents to have sound judgment, modesty, personal self-assurance... as well as the ability to decide who can give them the expertise and advice they need.’

MICHAEL
BESCHLOSS,
historian

thing,” Trump says. Musing about his unique ability to lead, he thinks back to the day in March when Wolf Blitzer tried to corner him about NATO during a CNN interview. As Trump sees it, his answer was a telling instance of what he believes is his “special” capacity to arrive at conclusions with little forethought. “When Wolf Blitzer asked me about NATO, I’m not a student of NATO, but I gave him two answers: It’s obsolete, and we’re spending too much money because these countries aren’t paying their fair share.”

So Trump was reacting intuitively? “Off the cuff,” Trump replied. “I’m an intuitive person. I didn’t read books on NATO—you do—and yet I was asked the question.”

There it all was: Trump winging it on an issue of global significance (the shape of the Western alliance, a cornerstone of security since former President Harry Truman)—and then congratulating himself for it. By the time of the CNN interview, he had told the *Washington Post* editorial board that NATO cost the U.S. “hundreds of billions,” only to change it to “billions” when challenged by a *Post* editor. (Direct U.S. contributions to NATO run less than \$1 billion a year.) Trump had this much right: there is a legitimate debate to be had about the future of NATO. The problem was that his harsh language and his hyperbolic assertions about costs raised questions about both his grasp of foreign policy and his commitment to long-standing security arrangements.

But that’s sort of the point. To Trump, precise policy details tend to be irrelevant to his larger campaign argument: that the rest of the world—in the form of immigrants, China, Mexico or even our European allies—is taking unfair advantage of us. He likes the shock and awe of his approach, with no apparent concern for the reactions of Hillary Clinton (and many U.S. allies), for whom talk of an “obsolete” NATO and of building walls, both literal (along

the southern border) and figurative (by threatening punitive tariffs against major trading partners), is irresponsible and wrongheaded. Trump, for his part, has little time for such critiques of his campaign declarations. As he likes to point out, if the elites are so smart, then why is the world in the shape it's in—and why, exactly, is he now the Republican nominee?

Still, politics, like diplomacy and financial markets, values predictability, and on the campaign trail, Trump has proved to be the most unpredictable of men. He disposed of 16 challengers and is now within striking distance of the presidency in part by saying Mexico is sending “rapists” across the border illegally; by initially declining to denounce David Duke and the Ku Klux Klan; by proposing a ban on Muslims entering the U.S. (which he diluted subsequently); and by expressing pleasure at warm words from Vladimir Putin, among numerous examples. Even among Trump's allies, the fear is that his instinct for the bold statement, combined with his glancing knowledge of policy nuances, has created a campaign—and could create an Administration—that is both undeniably compelling and inherently unstable.

Trump waves away such concerns. “I’m a very stable person,” he says. “I’m so stable you wouldn’t believe it.” He repeatedly implies that his campaign bombast is just that—bombast. “I’m not a fast trigger,” Trump says. “I’m the exact opposite of a fast trigger, but nobody’s going to push us around.”

Viewed in historical terms, a Trump presidency would pose an unusual risk to the country. American Presidents can be agents of change, yes, but they are also custodians of a social and political order that requires sophistication, balance and a fluency in the basic vocabulary of government and of statecraft. Trump, however, is a creature of the moment, of improvisation, of polarity. Strikingly, he’s learning public policy less from experts and briefing books—the traditional means of presidential preparation—and more from newspapers and what he once called “the shows.” His tendency to wing it—to act on his gut—effectively means that he’s working off what might be called “political hearsay.” No President can know everything, but all Presidents have to know enough to assess the validity of the inevitable advice that swirls through the Oval Office. While a President Trump can hire experts, experts won’t be making the final calls. Only he can—and will.

You don’t need a Ph.D. to lead the nation, but you do need to know—as Trump did not appear to grasp in one of the debates—what the nuclear triad is. Or that the Quds and the Kurds, not to mention Hamas and Hizballah, are different things. Or that you can’t order military officers to engage in illegal torture. Or that Ted Cruz’s father was not linked to the Kennedy assassination. Or that Barack Obama was born in Hawaii, not Kenya. At his first joint appearance with Clinton on the campaign trail,

PRESIDENTIAL PRECEDENTS

The ideal Oval Office résumé? It doesn’t exist. The nation’s 43 Presidents have all lacked for something. The trick is how they have compensated for it:



Franklin Roosevelt
While he was a shrewd and charming politician, Roosevelt was criticized for his lack of commitment to consistent ideological principles. Some thought he was too quick to change aspects of his New Deal policies to compromise and please others.



Harry Truman
Dismissed as a Midwestern political hack chosen to cement a weak Democratic ticket, Truman emerged as a steely Commander in Chief who, opponents learned, was dangerous to underestimate.

President Obama put the matter clearly: “You’ve actually got to know what you’re talking about.”

With Trump’s nomination in Cleveland, Americans are about to face the starkest of political choices: a contest between Clinton, one of the most experienced and policy-fluent candidates in history, and Trump, the least conventional major-party nominee in modern times. Fundamentally, the Clinton-Trump race will be a campaign of the Conventional vs. the Confident, of the Prepared vs. the Provocateur, of the Realist vs. the Ringmaster.

And it may yet turn out that Trump is better suited to the politics of the moment, not just at the convention but through the autumn to the general election. At home and abroad, from the collapse of the traditional GOP presidential field to the Brexit vote in the U.K., elites of all kinds—governing, corporate, intellectual—are facing a withering populist backlash. Trump has positioned himself against the history of leaders of traditional experience and expertise. (“I love the poorly educated,” he proudly declared in Nevada after sweeping the demographic.) His success in the GOP primary was nothing if not a rejection of the party’s most qualified field since George H.W. Bush triumphed a quarter of a century ago. As a result, the Trump candidacy has become a referendum on whether the credentials of the qualified elite are a liability next to machismo, single-minded nationalism and information-age street smarts.

II. IN HIS LONG RETIREMENT in Independence, Mo., Truman often found himself musing about the things he knew best:

American history and the American presidency. “You never can tell what’s going to happen to a man until he gets to a place of responsibility,” Truman observed after he left the White House in 1953. “You just can’t tell in advance, whether you’re talking about a general in the field in a military situation or the manager of a large farm or a bank officer or a President ... You’ve just got to pick the man you think is best on the basis of his past history and the views he expresses on present events and situations, and then you sit around and do a lot of hoping and if you’re inclined that way, a certain amount of praying.” Using the Truman test of “the basis of his past history and the views he expresses on present events and situations,” Trump has created plenty of anxiety.

And so, following Truman’s counsel, we hope and we pray. Historically, there is no textbook definition of how to prepare to be President. We have had generals and governors; Secretaries of State and Senators. Trump would be the first American President without significant experience in government or in the military. A problematic feature of his candidacy, however, is not about his political résumé but rather his conscious decision—and it can only be called that—

not to educate himself on the norms of national and international affairs. The result is a seemingly endless cycle that, in our public life, leads to confusion rather than illumination. Here is how it tends to go: Trump will say something provocative and factually dubious; the world will react, even recoil; Trump will not apologize—not exactly—but will slowly and sporadically amend his remarks, thus leaving everything in a kind of haze. In a campaign, this addiction to chaos is one thing; in the White House, it would be something else entirely.

“You want Presidents to have sound judgment, modesty, personal self-assurance, an understanding of the constitutional and historical constraints and the potential of the presidency, as well as the ability to decide who can give them the expertise and advice they need,” said the historian Michael Beschloss. “You don’t need Presidents to know every figure in the Coast Guard budget, but you do need to have the confidence that when they are making a decision that you may never hear about, they will be doing so with intelligence, skill and a temperament and set of basic values you feel comfortable with.”

Predictably, the past offers a range of models rather than a single standard. Experienced Presidents make mistakes; inexperienced ones have constructive moments, and vice versa. John F. Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon were deeply immersed in governance, but each had moments of colossal misjudgment. On the positive side, Truman



Dwight Eisenhower
Eisenhower didn’t even confirm he was a Republican until the 1952 New Hampshire primary, and later threatened to bolt the party if its right wing didn’t fall in line. But his exalted military record helped him reach past politics and speak directly to the country.

came to the office amid low public expectations yet created the foundations for the Cold War Western alliance. A student of large organizations, Dwight Eisenhower could seem remote but proved to be a sound manager of the federal government and of the nuclear standoff with the Soviets.

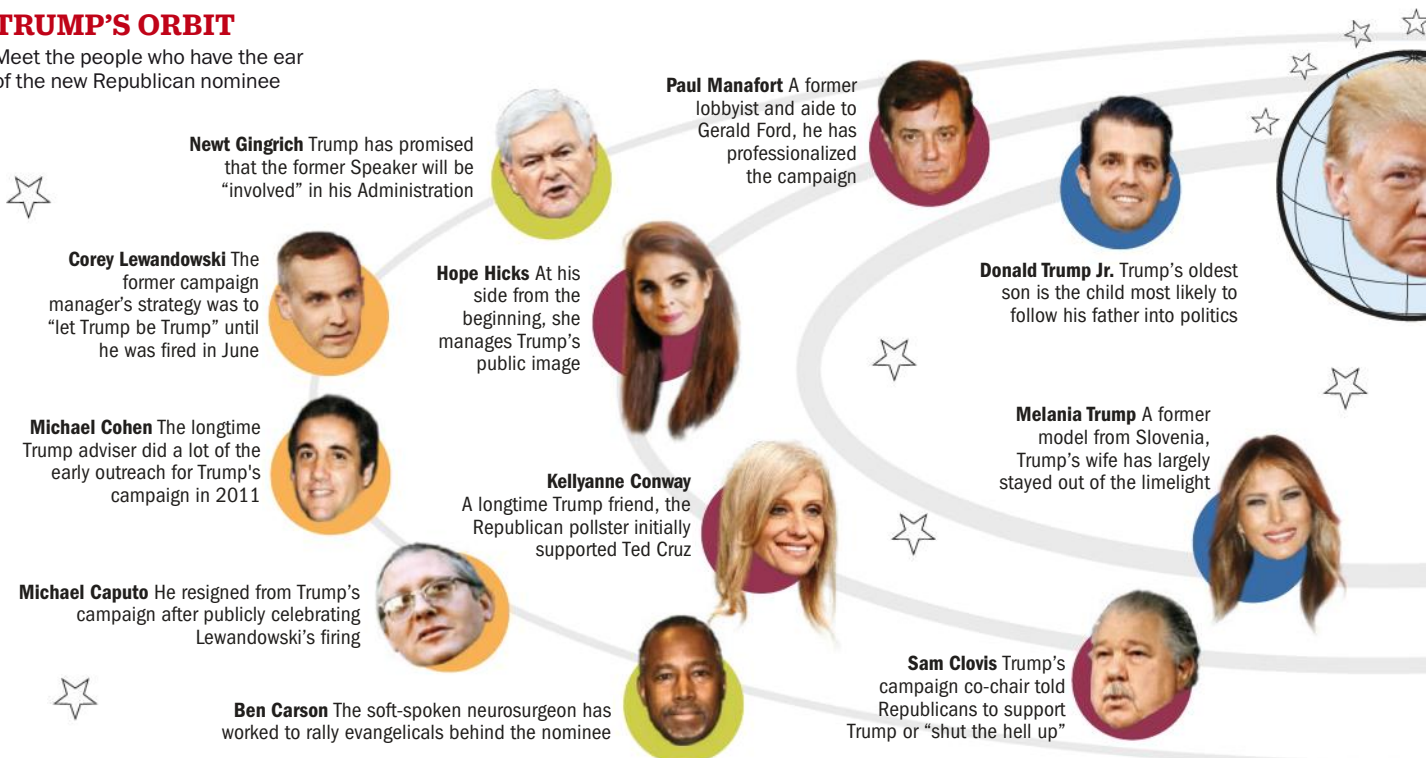
Given Trump’s affinity for Ronald Reagan—or at least affinity for Reagan’s winning image within the GOP—the analogy to the 40th President repays consideration. Trump admirers think of their man as a 21st century version of the Gipper—a charismatic leader who had an occasionally ambiguous relationship with facts and details. In this scenario, Hillary Clinton is Jimmy Carter, the naval officer who loved detail but largely failed to master the events of his time. The problem is that Trump is no Reagan. They do share some surface similarities—neither was a career politician, and both dominated the media of their times. Like Trump, Reagan tended to eschew policy specifics, preferring to conserve his energy to focus on a few big things. The distinction lies in their level of experience in government on coming to the presidency (Reagan had served eight years as governor of a dynamic, fast-growing state and sought the presidential nomination three times) and in their philosophical commitments (Reagan spent decades honing a vision of free markets and anticommunism; Trump appears to have few philosophical commitments beyond one to his own success as a “brand”).

This much is clear: history shows us that the

GETTY IMAGES (18); CLOVIS: GLASSNER; HICKS: SCAYNO; WHITE: AP; CAPUTO: REDUX; COHEN: COURTESY; COLEY: LAW SCHOOL.

TRUMP’S ORBIT

Meet the people who have the ear of the new Republican nominee



success or failure of a presidency (and of the country) hinges on the President himself—on what he (or she) knows, believes and even feels. Skeptics might think this an overly simple view of the intrinsically complicated nature of reality. Yet to say that the President is the central, decisive figure in our national politics is neither melodramatic nor hyperbolic. It was, in fact, an insight shared by two men who otherwise had little in common: Ike and JFK.

On the eve of the 1960 election, in a speech supporting his Vice President, Richard Nixon, in the campaign against JFK, Eisenhower compared the presidency to the field of battle. “The nakedness of the battlefield when the soldier is all alone in the smoke and the clamor and the terror of war is comparable to the loneliness—at times—of the presidency,” Eisenhower said. “These are the times when one man must conscientiously, deliberately, prayerfully scrutinize every argument, every proposal, every prediction, every alternative, every probable outcome of his action and then—all alone—make his decision.”

Three years later, after a tumultuous time in office that had included showdowns with the Soviet Union over the Berlin Wall and Russian missiles in Cuba, Kennedy published a short piece on decisionmaking in the White House. “It is only part of the story,” Kennedy wrote of the loneliness of the office, “for, during the rest of the time, no one in the country is more assailed by divergent advice and clamorous counsel. This advice and counsel, indeed, are essential to

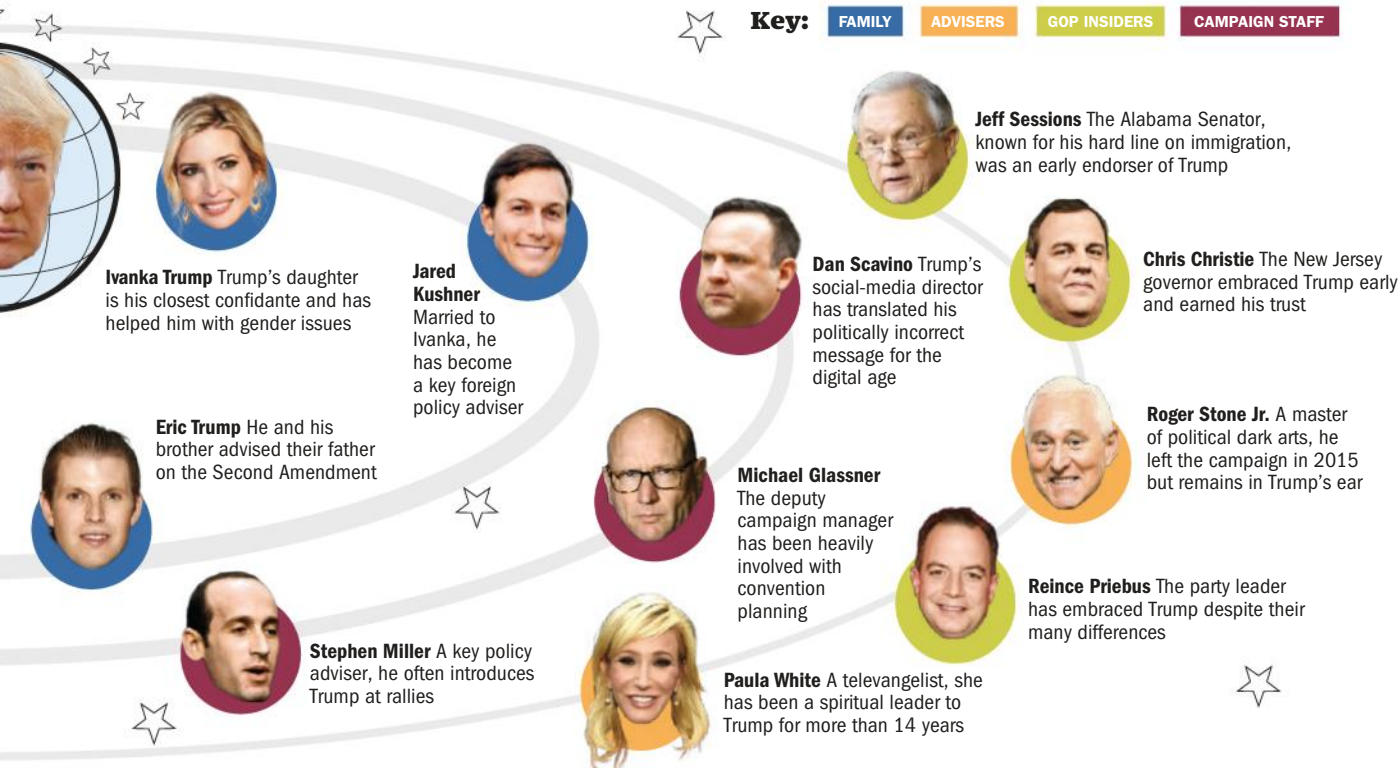
the process of decision for they give the President not only needed information and ideas but a sense of the possibilities and the limitations of action. A wise President therefore gathers strength and insight from the Nation. Still, in the end, he is alone. There stands the decision—and there stands the President.”

If Eisenhower and Kennedy had it right—and they knew the job better than most of us—then the essential issue for voters is discerning the nature of the man or woman who will be standing alone at what Kennedy elsewhere described as the “vital center of action.” Which is precisely where Trump likes to stand, preferably with all eyes on him.

The question American voters have to decide in the coming months is whether Trump is fluent enough about the world to be entrusted with ultimate responsibility. It is telling that he refracts history through the prism of negotiating and dealmaking. Asked about political role models, he mentions Reagan but no one else; asked to name works of history that have left an impression, he says only, “I’ll tell you what does stick with me: the Civil War. Lee and Lincoln and Davis. These are unbelievable historical figures. I think that anything having to do with the Civil War has always been very interesting to me, much more so than even the founding of the country.” (He says he once canceled a golf match to binge-watch a marathon PBS showing of Ken Burns’ documentary *The Civil War*.) “It always seemed like something that could have been settled without the bloodshed,”



Ronald Reagan
Reagan had little training in foreign policy before he became President, and he was known for being less interested in learning the details of his own policy than he was in communicating a broad vision for the country, which left him to rely heavily on advisers.



Trump adds. The deal is all. “I think they could have settled without going to war,” he said. “I always felt that the South overplayed their hand.” His grasp of history isn’t deficient, exactly, but it is superficial. He lives so much in the world as it is that he invests little capital in asking how that world came to be.

He loves the newspapers and magazines; he inhales cable news; he absorbs passing conversations. When he reads books, he says, he reads quickly. He likes biographies of Lincoln, Nixon and Reagan and recently read Edward Klein’s hostile books on the Clintons and *Defeating ISIS* by Malcolm Nance. For a man so often depicted as the embodiment of narcissism, he does have a surprising capacity to listen to others and to retain what he hears, frequently asking pithy questions in search of clarity. “I’m picking it up from everything,” he says. “I’m an intuitive person.”

Unabashedly improvisational, Trump revels in his lack of conventional political or policy experience. He told TIME that he has begun spending some time with experts, but there is, to say the least, little sign that he is about to wonk out. Asked on a trip to Scotland if he had consulted with foreign policy advisers on the Brexit vote, he replied, “There’s nothing to talk about.” When he met with James A. Baker III in Washington, Trump asked the statesman not about nuclear proliferation or Syria but about the relationship between Nancy and Ronald Reagan. “Everything is about people,” Trump says. He is too much of the present, too much of this exact moment, to spend much time musing about policy precedents.

And his faith in himself is limitless. “We can’t be defending the world and paying for it,” Trump says. “We can’t be taken for suckers with Germany, Japan, South Korea. They should pay us, pay us substantially, and they will if I ask them. If somebody else asks them they won’t.”

Why is that exactly? Why does he think he is uniquely able to do what others could not? “Why is it? Because—I don’t know. It’s just different. It’s like, why is it that Jack Nicklaus won so many golf tournaments? Right? Why is it that Babe Ruth could hit more home runs than all the teams in the American League? Right? They said to him, ‘Babe, how do you hit the long ball?’ And he said, ‘I don’t know, man, I just swing at it.’ Which is sort of cool.” Warming to the topic of himself as a natural political athlete, he mentions Lydia Ko, the brilliant young golfer. “On the Golf Channel, they said to her, ‘When you bring the club up, how do you bring it down? What’s your thought?’ She said, ‘I don’t know. I don’t really have a thought.’ It’s just something special.”

History shows us that the success or failure of a presidency (and of the country) hinges on the President himself—on what he (or she) knows, believes and even feels

III.

OF COURSE, Trump believes he too has that special something. Clinton will beg to differ. One of her chief arguments will be that Trump lacks the temperament to be President—a

point that evokes an ancient anecdote familiar in the literature of the presidency. On Wednesday, March 8, 1933, the newly inaugurated 32nd President, Franklin D. Roosevelt, called on retired Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. The two men chatted a bit—Roosevelt asked about Plato, whom Holmes was reading—and he sought counsel on the crisis of the Depression. “Form your ranks—and fight!” Holmes advised. After the President left, Holmes was in a nostalgic mood. “You know, his Uncle Ted appointed me to the Supreme Court,” Holmes remarked to a former clerk. The Justice then added, “A second-class intellect, but a first-class temperament!”

Historians still debate whether Holmes was referring to T.R. or FDR, but the story is often cited to underscore the significance of a President’s disposition. *Temperament* is one of those terms that brings Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart’s definition of pornography to mind: We know it when we see it. Or in this case, feel it. The word derives from the Latin meaning “due mixture,” and one *Oxford English Dictionary* definition calls it “a moderate and proportionable mixture of elements in a compound.” Discerning temperament is more a question of intuition than of clinical perception. It is, to be sure, a fraught enterprise. And at this moment in history, there is no common agreement on just what qualities are best. Still, Trump’s temperamental failings include his oft-indulged instinct to bully and turn petulant when someone—reporters, opponents, whole regions of the world—gets under his skin.

In the coming months, Clinton will repeatedly argue that Trump offers America neither the intellect nor the temperament required to lead the nation. The Trump campaign will make a different case. “Government is built with many layers to avoid making mistakes,” wrote Jared Kushner, Trump’s son-in-law and one of the nominee’s most important advisers. “The problem with this is that it costs a lot and little gets done. In business, we empower smart people to get jobs done and give them latitude on how to get there. I prefer to move forward and endure some small mistakes to preserving a stale status quo whose sole virtue is that it offends no one.” In this construction, lack of knowledge and a get-stuff-done attitude would be assets—even if they sometimes get stuff wrong and break some geopolitical crockery along the way.

We shall see—and Lord knows we’ll be watching, a fact Trump savors. At his desk in Trump Tower during his interview, juggling calls from Ben Carson, the GOP nominee seemed to have all the confidence in the world—and then some. “I think temperament is my strength, my greatest strength,” Trump says. “We need a strong tone and a compassionate tone, and I can do both, plus what’s up here”—pointing to his temple. Now it’s up to the country to decide whether we agree. —With reporting by TESSA BERENSON/WASHINGTON

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WHEN HARRY MET DONALD

A legendary photographer's 35-year portfolio of Trump

THE SCOTTISH PHOTOGRAPHER Harry Benson traveled with the Beatles on their inaugural American tour in 1964 and has turned his lens on every President since Dwight Eisenhower. He's also spent decades chronicling Donald Trump, first as real estate mogul and celebrity, now as presumptive GOP nominee. Benson's pictures show Trump surrounded by his favorite things: his buildings, limos and helicopters, his wives and even \$1 million in cash. Taken together, this is an album of Trump's rise. Benson's typical advice for his subject? "Do what you want." And Trump always did.

► To watch a video interview with Harry Benson, visit time.com/benson



1990 Trump and Michael Jackson, his guest, at the grand opening of the Trump Taj Mahal in Atlantic City



1987 Trump with a model of his building. "I hate studio pictures because they're not real," Benson said. "I want people to be what they think they are, not what I think they are"



1987 Trump and his first wife Ivana in their bedroom at Trump Tower in New York City. Benson chose the location—"It tells you a lot about the people"—and wanted them to dance. "She could dance," he joked, "but he was a bit slow"



1986 Trump after renovating Wollman Rink in Central Park. He took over the job from the city, finishing early and well under budget



1996 Trump and his second wife Marla Maples at Trump International Hotel & Tower in New York City



1987 Trump gesticulates during a helicopter ride to Atlantic City. Benson, who prides himself on spontaneity and closeness, said he likes “to get people moving”



1981 Trump talks on a car phone in a limo in New York City. “It looks like he’s running for President in there,” Benson said. “There’s a bit of arrogance. There’s a bit of control there ... People walking about but he’s in the limo”



1987 Trump stands on top of Trump Tower on Fifth Avenue in New York City



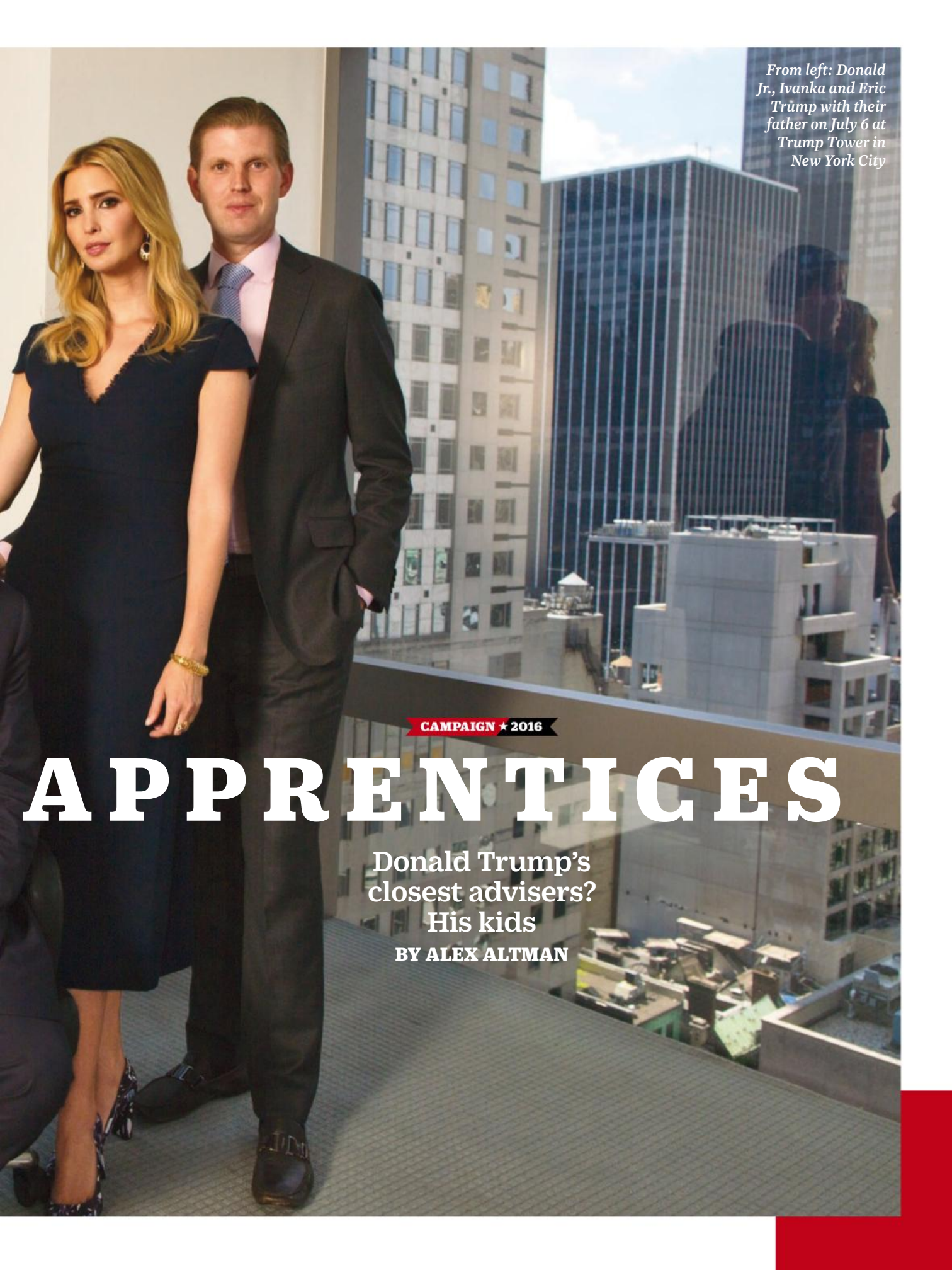
1990 “Donald, I’ve never seen a million dollars in my life,” Benson told him at the Trump Taj Mahal in Atlantic City



2014 Trump and his wife Melania in their apartment at Trump Tower in New York City. “Donald was very proud of her,” Benson said



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY BENSON FOR TIME

A photograph of Donald Trump Jr., Ivanka Trump, and Eric Trump standing on a rooftop in New York City. Donald Trump Jr. is on the left, wearing a dark suit and a pink shirt. Ivanka Trump is in the center, wearing a dark blue dress. Eric Trump is on the right, wearing a dark suit and a pink shirt. They are standing in front of a view of the city skyline, including the Trump Tower.

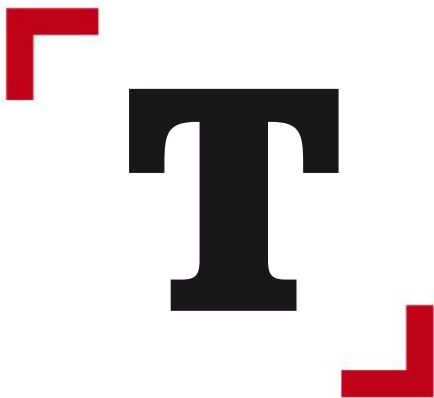
From left: Donald Jr., Ivanka and Eric Trump with their father on July 6 at Trump Tower in New York City

CAMPAIGN ★ 2016

APPRENTICES

Donald Trump's
closest advisers?
His kids

BY ALEX ALTMAN



THE NINTH HOLE OF THE AILSA COURSE AT Turnberry is one of golf's glittering jewels, a cliffside par 3 with a tee shot over crashing waves toward a lighthouse built on the remains of a 13th century castle. The strip of Scottish coastline is so pretty, you can almost fathom why Donald Trump is standing here, an ocean away from the nearest gettable voter, at the worst possible time.

Back home, his party is mulling revolt. Here in Scotland, he has blundered into a black-swan moment, arriving this crisp June morning just hours after the U.K. elected to bolt from the European Union—a world-altering gamble he egged on. Red golf balls emblazoned with swastikas are scattered at his feet, courtesy of a prankster. But Trump doesn't want to talk GOP infighting or geopolitical turmoil. He wants to talk legacy. Turnberry is the 10th Trump property to which he's dragged the cameras during his presidential campaign cum promotional tour. Only this time he isn't here simply to plug a golf course. "You know why I'm here?" he tells the cameras for the third time. "Because I support my children."

They are standing over his left shoulder, a portrait of solidarity. Trump's three eldest kids—Donald Jr., 38; Ivanka, 34; and Eric, 32—are executive vice presidents at the Trump Organization. All have spent nearly their entire professional lives working for their father, rising to oversee the acquisition, development and operation of luxury hotels, office towers and resorts around the world. But these days, tending the family real estate business isn't their biggest job.

In the most unorthodox campaign in modern presidential history, three of the most powerful figures are the candidate's children. They have no formal titles nor any prior political experience among them. But Don Jr., Eric and Ivanka—along with Ivanka's husband Jared Kushner—have carved out unprecedented roles: strategist and surrogate, cheerleader and confidant, moderating influence and humanizing force. "They are his kitchen cabinet," says Tom Barrack, a billionaire financier and longtime friend of Trump's who formed a super PAC to support the campaign. "When you look at the

cadre of people he really trusts, it's very few. And they are certainly at the top of that list."

Together, they have pushed out a campaign manager, become conduits to top GOP officials and rival factions, wooed donors and delegates, courted skeptical members of Congress and crisscrossed campaign backwaters from New Hampshire to Nevada. They help write speeches and shape Trump's policies on everything from the Middle East to the Second Amendment to women's health. All three of them will deliver speeches at the Republican Convention in Cleveland.

Presidential offspring have often played roles as important advisers, but the Trump kids are different. The tasks in their portfolio can be as simple as fielding their father's calls at 11 p.m. on a Tuesday or as complicated as mastering campaign mechanics the candidate ignores. When it became apparent during the spring that Trump was being outmaneuvered in the scramble to line up convention delegates, Eric spent a day dialing each of Pennsylvania's 54 unbound delegates. Nearly all signed on, so he repeated the feat in subsequent states. "This is a very long and arduous and lonely process," Eric says, leaning back in a green leather chair by the bay window in the Turnberry tearoom, the sun sparkling on the sea beyond the emerald lawn. "Everything we've done, we've done together as a family. We're learning together."

'I've learned a lot from my children. They're very, very smart people.'

DONALD TRUMP, on his sons Donald Jr. and Eric and his daughter Ivanka

'When I hear criticism of him as it pertains to women, it takes me aback, because he raised me to never even think about my gender.'

IVANKA TRUMP, on why her father is a feminist

LEGACY HAS ALWAYS BEEN one of Trump's signal ambitions, right up there with wealth and fame. On the desk in his 26th-floor office, high above Fifth Avenue, a framed portrait of his father sits in the space where a computer should be. Before the family brand adorned the skyscrapers of Manhattan, Fred Trump, a hard-charging son of German immigrants, built a sprawling empire in New York City's outer boroughs. At his father's wake, Trump told friends that his own highest goal was to leave the family name a little better than he found it.

The next generation of Trumps are as devoted to their dad as they are different. They're less bombastic. More polished. On message. They'd prefer to share credit and skirt controversy. In conversation, each is cordial and self-possessed, as outwardly normal as one could reasonably expect from billionaire scions who grew up in a 30,000-sq.-ft. penthouse atop Central Park. "It was not an option," says Ivanka, "to be arrogant or entitled."

Privilege can come at a price, and the tab for the Trump kids seemed steeper than most. It cannot be easy seeing your parents' divorce and salacious rumors about their sex lives splashed across supermarket tabloids. They were being tailed by paparazzi before they could drive. When the Trumps dropped off Don Jr. at boarding school, cameras



tagged along on an errand to buy bedsheets at Kmart. The scrutiny could have sparked self-destructive behavior or planted a desire to escape. Instead, it drew the family closer.

Much of the credit goes to their mother. Ivana Trump was an immigrant from communist Czechoslovakia and a taskmistress who would not brook dissent. (Donald Trump has two other children: a daughter Tiffany, 22, with his second wife Marla Maples, and a son Barron, 10, with his current wife Melania.) Their dad wasn't much for changing diapers, but he drilled his kids on a mantra of clean living. "I was strict with them, and their mother was strict with them," says Trump, who touches nothing stronger than soda. "I would constantly preach to my children: No drugs, no alcohol, no cigarettes."

Work was always a family activity. Don Jr. recalls going to his grandparents' house when he was 5 or 6. He went around collecting rent, knocking on doors of middle-income apartments that Fred owned in Queens. The Trump kids rode bulldozers around their father's construction sites and took jobs at his properties. At 15, Ivanka spent a summer shadowing the foreman who oversaw the construction of Trump World Tower in Manhattan. Eric worked in landscap-

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*Ivanka in her
office on the
25th floor of
Trump Tower*

ing, Don as a dock attendant in Atlantic City. "To say we weren't spoiled would be laughable," Don says, "but we were spoiled with the right things."

Trump was keenly aware that children of successful parents are apt to buckle under the attendant pressures. "Secretariat didn't always produce winners," he says. He didn't push his children into real estate. And while each chose to join the company shortly after graduating from college, he was a hands-off mentor, letting them learn the ropes little by little while he gauged how much responsibility they could handle. "If they weren't good, I would tell them to do something else," Trump says. "But they turned out to be very good."

Ivanka recently led the acquisition of Doral, a luxury golf resort in Miami, and is overseeing the hotel conversion of Washington's Old Post Office building, a landmark a few blocks from the White House. Don is responsible for the development of a new luxury hotel and condo tower in Vancouver and handles the Trump Organization's commercial leases. Eric spearheads golf and construction projects, like the \$290 million renovation of Turnberry. Whatever sibling rivalries may exist, they are careful to mask them. "Family businesses tend to have very binary

outcomes,” says Ivanka, who has also built her own women’s lifestyle brand. “We’re lucky.”

And unmistakably their father’s children. Like his, their adjacent glass-encased offices in Manhattan are decorated with magazine covers and photo spreads: Ivanka in *Vogue*, Don shouldering a cross-bow for *Esquire*. A pair of paintings of the old man sit on Eric’s floor. Campaign swag is everywhere. Politics is a new game, with quirky rules and hidden minefields. But it’s really no different, the Trumps say, from constructing a new golf course or hotel. You study the term sheets. Take on big ventures with untapped value. Then figure out a way to sell your product to the masses. “Whether it’s real estate or anything else,” says Don, “[my father’s] always seen what’s lacking and given that to the market.” When the family felt golf courses were cheap, they bought every course they could get their hands on, Eric adds. “When we had hotel opportunities, we’d go buy hotels.” A Virginia vineyard came on the market for what they judged to be a bargain price: “We learned a lot about wine, and we bought it,” says Eric. “We didn’t know anything about being on TV, but we figured it out pretty quickly, and *The Apprentice* was on for 15 seasons.”

WHICH BRINGS US to their biggest show yet. “It’s been insane,” admits Don. He is drinking a Red Bull at Turnberry shortly after stepping off a red-eye to Scotland from an outdoorsmen’s conference in Colorado. The Trump sons are avid hunters and anglers. And their first campaign task was shoring up their father’s Second Amendment bona fides. During the Iowa caucuses, they addressed NRA members and trekked into frigid cornfields to hunt deer and pheasant with local politicians. “Don did so good, they’re still talking about it,” Trump says of one speech to a gun group. “He knew more about rifles than they did.”

Soon they were ubiquitous. They toured VFW events, civic clubs and talk radio to testify about their father’s merits. Out in the states, the Trump operation was a skeletal collection of relative neophytes: for the key role of Iowa co-chair, Trump hired Tana Goertz, a motivational speaker and media personality he once fired on *The Apprentice*. Campaign manager Corey Lewandowski was an outsider with few party allegiances.

And so Don and Eric, who were willing to go anywhere and talk to anyone on behalf of their father, found themselves filling a vacuum. Don often spends hours a day conferring with a rotating cast of party bigwigs, members of Congress, rivals and allies alike. “They are the eyes and ears of the campaign,” says Roger Stone, a veteran Republican strategist and longtime Trump adviser. “Their most important role is passing along information to him.”

Then there is Ivanka. “She is, without question, one of her father’s most trusted advisers,” Stone says.

‘He’s much more human than anyone could possibly give him credit for.’

DONALD TRUMP JR.,
on his father’s
private side

‘He has developed a level of trust in us that would be very difficult for most people who came into a campaign seven months ago to replicate.’

ERIC TRUMP, on his
father’s reliance
on his children

In her third trimester of pregnancy, Ivanka joined her father on the campaign trail before early primary contests and taped get-out-the-vote robocalls and video messages, which she posted for millions of followers on social media. It was easy to spot her influence when Trump praised Planned Parenthood for providing vital health services to millions of women—a broadly popular position that broke with conservative orthodoxy. “We bring unique perspectives to the table. Obviously I am a millennial woman,” she says. “He raised me to be opinionated. When he asks my opinion, I give it. Sometimes I give it unsolicited. And one of the amazing things about my father is he is very receptive to feedback.”

In nearly every bid for the White House, the candidate’s spouse plays the role of chief family surrogate. Melania Trump, a former model who retains the thick accent of her native Slovenia, has made the rounds, even speaking occasionally at rallies, but she spends much of her time raising the couple’s young son and does not weigh in on many campaign decisions. That has freed the spotlight for Ivanka, a poised and disciplined speaker, as a counterpoint and character witness who can vouch for his personal qualities, including the ones you may not see when the cameras are rolling. In interviews, Ivanka casts Dad as a feminist who hired and promoted women to senior positions long before his peers did. Ivanka, not Melania, will introduce Trump when he takes the stage to accept the GOP nomination in Cleveland on July 21.

Of all the advisers to the presumptive Republican nominee, perhaps the most influential is a longtime Democratic donor. Ivanka’s husband Kushner, the son of a prominent New Jersey developer, has his fingerprints on almost every facet of the campaign. He punches up Trump’s speeches, represents the campaign at high-level meetings and rebooted a digital operation stuck in the dial-up era. “A brilliant guy,” Trump says of his son-in-law.

Kushner runs as cool as Trump does hot, and one of his jobs has been putting out fires. When Trump said he’d be “neutral” in the territorial conflict between Israelis and Palestinians, Kushner—an Orthodox Jew—scrambled to soothe raw feelings in the GOP. After Trump came under fire in July for a tweet widely criticized as anti-Semitic—an image of Hillary Clinton against a backdrop of \$100 bills and a six-pointed star, like the Star of David—Kushner leaped to his defense. “My father-in-law is an incredibly loving and tolerant person who has embraced my family and our Judaism since I began dating my wife,” he wrote in a rare open letter for the *Observer*, the New York broadsheet he owns. His impact is immeasurable, says a Republican ally with close ties to the campaign. “Whenever [Trump] thinks, I’ve got to get this right—that’s when he gets Jared on the line.” Part of the bond is a sense of kinship: like Trump,



Kushner inherited a family real estate company and carried it to greater heights. “He’s done great in real estate,” Trump says. “But I will say, he loves politics.”

The apprentices finally grabbed the reins of the campaign last month. When they heard reports that Lewandowski had peddled negative stories about Kushner to reporters, the kids confronted Trump over a Father’s Day gathering at his Bedminster, N.J., golf club. (Lewandowski denies the allegation.) Campaign chairman Paul Manafort, a veteran Republican strategist, was given the helm. But as Trump weighed his options for a running mate, he leaned on the advice of his three eldest children and his son-in-law as heavily as anyone else’s. “It’s a family decision,” says a senior campaign official.

“Working with him for as long as we have,” Eric explains, “I think he has developed a level of trust in us that would be very hard for most people who came into a campaign seven months ago to replicate.”

THE 2016 CAMPAIGN was billed as a clash of political clans, but family has often been more burden than blessing. Jeb Bush never overcame dynastic fatigue. Bill Clinton’s tarmac summit with Attorney General Loretta Lynch made his wife’s campaign cringe.

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*Trump on
July 11 with
grandson
Theodore
James Kushner,
third child
of daughter
Ivanka and son-
in-law Jared*

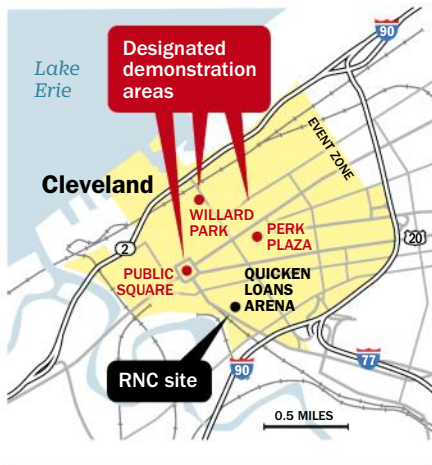
The Trump kids have made rookie mistakes as well. Don unwittingly sat for an interview with a white-supremacist radio host. Eric compared waterboarding to a fraternity hazing rite.

But as the campaign rolls on, their clout is only growing. And it will extend into the White House if Trump wins. Don, for one, has been entertaining dreams of becoming Secretary of the Interior. “Looking at other deals,” he admits, “it just doesn’t have the gravitas of everything that’s going on right now.” His father is not yet sold. “Anything’s possible,” says Trump, who still expects his children to run the company when he leaves. “They’re turning out to be very good at politics,” he adds. “Right up there with people who have been doing it all their lives.”

Back in Scotland, Trump stood among Turnberry’s rugged dunes, beaming in his blazer and boasting about his family’s resort renovation. A reporter interrupted, pointing out that running a country was not the same as running a golf course. “You’d be amazed how similar it is,” Trump replied. “It’s a place that has to be fixed.” The work ahead was nothing new. But first the family needs to close its biggest deal yet. Together, as always. □

Wait, Cleveland?

Yes, Cleveland is a Democratic city in a key swing state. But it is also home to Ohio's largest concentration of Republicans. Which is why the GOP decided to gather there July 18.



Security plans

Party conventions have long held the potential for protest; this is politics, after all. But Trump events have at times had a more violent valence. Now, add high temperatures, protesters of every stripe and hundreds of television crews from all over the world. And then comes the fact that under Ohio's open-carry law, protesters will be able to carry firearms to the protest zones near the convention hall. Even Dean Rieck, executive director of the Buckeye Firearms Association, said that "may not be wise."

For now, law-enforcement officials in northern Ohio say they are prepared. "Our expectation is that people are going to come and behave," said Dan Williams, media-relations director for Cleveland. Dozens of groups, from Food Not Bombs to Bikers for Trump, have applied for public-demonstration permits; the city has set up an emergency-operations center to orchestrate its response. The local police force of about 500 will be backed up by about 2,500 state and federal law-enforcement officers from outside the city. Extra beds in county jails have been secured in case of mass arrests.



Quicken Loans Arena sports decorations for the convention

A convention unlike any other: Can the GOP hold it together?

By Zeke J. Miller

KENDAL UNRUH MAKES FOR AN unlikely coup plotter. A Colorado schoolteacher and longtime Republican activist, she has been a delegate to the past seven GOP conventions, never once making any trouble from the floor.

But now she is the face of Free the Delegates, the most visible in an alliance of groups mounting a long-shot bid to dump Donald Trump. "I don't ask for perfection in a candidate, but I certainly want them to be a Republican," she said of the likely nominee.

Her group, which hoped to force a floor vote to unbind delegates, is just one of several challenges Trump will face when the party meets in Cleveland. Hundreds of delegates remain committed Trump opponents, many of them pledging never to vote for Trump under any circumstances. United in their opposition to Trump but divided over how to replace him, the movement drew few backers among the party insiders who favor stability above all else. Which means no one can safely predict what will unfold along Lake Erie.

Walkouts are planned, and attempts to heckle Trump as he gives his acceptance speech on Thursday night may develop if the anti-Trump forces feel they are being treated unfairly on rules and platform fights. The bargaining will go on after opening gavel. "If they don't want the embarrassment of a walkout, that's in the RNC's hands," Unruh said. At minimum, she joked, "the Colorado delegation will be reading *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*."

Behind the platform, deep divisions



TRANSGENDER BATHROOMS

The GOP platform committee rejected a plan to call on states to pass laws similar to North Carolina's controversial HB 2, which bans transgender bathroom choice. After outreach from top party officials, the proposal was scaled back to a protest of efforts to force schools to allow students to use restrooms in accordance with how they identify.



SAME-SEX MARRIAGE

For the first time, an openly gay delegate served on the platform committee, but her effort to replace language about traditional marriage with "respect for all families" failed. Instead, the committee added a call for reconsideration of the Supreme Court decision legalizing same-sex marriage, or a constitutional amendment to ban those unions.



TRADE

The 2012 platform called for a global free-trade zone and swift passage of a new Pacific trade deal. In 2016, Trump's influence was felt the most in this section. "We need better-negotiated trade agreements that put America first," the document states. But Trump did not get everything he wanted. Delegates removed critical references to NAFTA and the Trans-Pacific Partnership.



IMMIGRATION

Delegates upgraded a proposal to erect a "barrier" on the border with a Trumpian demand to build a "wall." But there was no description of which border or any demand that Mexico pay for it. Trump's call to temporarily ban Muslims from entering the country also went missing, though the document echoes his more recent calls to limit refugees from countries with active Islamic extremist movements.

BY THE NUMBERS

50,000

Number of people expected in Cleveland for the convention, making it Trump's biggest production yet

125,000

Number of balloons that will drop when Trump accepts the nomination

1,711

Size, in square feet, of the video screen behind the main stage where Trump will give his speech

15,000

Expected number of credentialed members of the media

\$130 million

Rough estimate of the total cost of the convention, including \$50 million in federal security funds

Delegates focus past Trump on 2020

CLEVELAND WILL PRODUCE more than just a nominee. It is also host to a hard-to-miss fight over the future of the party: its rules, its values and its next leaders. For many, Trump is just an interlude in the ongoing battle between conservative purists and Establishment moderates. "The Trump era feels to me like punting on third down," says David Kochel, an Iowa operative and former top aide to Jeb Bush. "We'll have to wait another election cycle to figure out who's right."

Already under way are fights about geography and diversity: Which states and which voters control the primary derby every four years? Delegates brought amendments to the rules committee to tip the balance in 2020, including a proposal to strip



RNC chair Reince Priebus has opposed efforts to unseat Trump

Nevada's fourth-in-the-nation primary slot and to require closed primaries and caucuses after Trump ran the table of contests open to independent voters. And there will be all sorts of meet and greets by likely 2020 candidates like Paul Ryan and Scott Walker.

Such jockeying is the

norm for a convention with an incumbent President, but Trump is no incumbent. "It's unusual to see it start so early," said former RNC chairman Mike Duncan.

Even the current party boss, Reince Priebus, told TIME he expects the focus to be on 2020. "I'm sure those discussions will keep going," he said, cautioning that those plotting their future four years out may find it counterproductive.

The other voices by the lake

PAUL RYAN

The House Speaker, who has been cool in his support of Trump, will use his remarks to highlight his "opportunity agenda" for the GOP.

JEFF SESSIONS

An early Trump supporter who helped the candidate draft his immigration plan, the Alabama Senator likes to say Trump is more than just a campaign: "A movement is afoot that must not fade away."

SCOTT WALKER

A star of the 2012 Republican Convention, the Wisconsin governor is hoping for another hero's welcome after a disappointing presidential campaign.

JONI ERNST

The Iowa freshman Senator took her name out of contention to be Trump's running mate, but the party rising star is looking to boost her clout.

BEN CARSON

The brain surgeon turned candidate found common cause with Trump after they both misheard their cues to take the debate stage in New Hampshire.

TED CRUZ

The delegate-count runner-up left the race calling Trump a "serial philanderer" and "pathological liar" who was "utterly amoral." Will he take the high road now?





*From left: Day,
Nicklaus and Spieth
banter during practice
rounds at the Memorial
Tournament in Ohio*

PHOTOGRAPH BY DYLAN COULTER FOR TIME

Sports

JASON DAY AND JORDAN SPIETH ARE TWO OF THE BIGGEST NAMES IN GOLF.

How They Find Their A-Game

JACK NICKLAUS IS SYNONYMOUS WITH THE SPORT. THEY DISCUSS:

BY DAVID VON DREHLE

MAGIC COMES IN MANY VIALS. GOLFER JORDAN SPIETH opened a highly potent bottle last year. At a mere 21, he won the Masters and the U.S. Open championships back-to-back, then added top-four finishes in the remaining major tournaments. An epic season at any age, but glittering with the thrill of something new. Prize money in the millions, and endorsement money in the tens of millions, rained down on the slim and winsome Texan as golf fans fell under his spell.

Another elixir from the wizard's cabinet has been unstoppered by Jason Day, the No. 1-ranked golfer in the world. The strapping Australian wasn't a phenom; he trudged, rather than vaulted, to the top. But now his life and career are magically synchronized; in his late 20s, he has grown into himself, with a wife and two young children to balance out his stunning PGA Championship last August, when he became the first player in major-tournament history to beat par by 20 strokes.

And then there is a magic known only to Jack Nicklaus.

You can see it on the faces of Spieth and Day as they sit down to join Nicklaus for a conversation with TIME on a patio overlooking Muirfield Village Golf Club, a Nicklaus-built preserve in Dublin, Ohio. Down below, the journeymen of the PGA Tour are practicing for the annual

JASON DAY, 28

1

CURRENT WORLD
GOLF RANKING

10

PGA Tour wins
to date

27

PGA Tour wins
Nicklaus had
at Day's age



*Day at the
Bridgestone
Invitational in
Akron, Ohio,
on July 3*



Memorial Tournament, but up here two of the best in the world are hanging on the old man's every word. They call him "Mr. Nicklaus."

He was the prodigy once, like Spieth: a laser-eyed 22-year-old capable of grinding down the great Arnold Palmer to win the 1962 U.S. Open in his first year as a pro. And like Day, he was a man in full flood, winner of seven major titles from ages 30 to 35, while Barbara mothered their five stair-step children and he laid the foundations of a business empire.

But the magic they have captured at this moment Nicklaus somehow harnessed for a lifetime. Now 76—with even the stunning career of Tiger Woods not quite measuring up to his own—Nicklaus not only reached the top: he magically stopped time, or at least slowed it down to a crawl. When even the best golfers typically number their time as major champions in years, his reign spanned decades. Nearly a quarter-century, actually, from the '62 Open to the 1986 Masters. Through slumps and injuries, competing against such giants as Palmer, Player, Watson, Trevino and Ballesteros, he holds the records for the most major victories (18), the most second-place finishes (19) and the most top 10s (73).

No one else comes close.

Where did he find that particular potion?

"**I DON'T THINK** you have competition with anybody else," says the man long ago branded the Golden Bear. More silver now than gold, but still with a champion's formidable forearms and fingers curling unconsciously into a grip. No matter who else was on the course, the Bear hunted alone. "My philosophy was always basically you are playing one shot at a time, and you play one day at a time, and you play one year at a time, and you are always trying to climb a mountain."

Nicklaus continues: "I don't think Jason has a competition with Jordan or vice versa. There is only one person you can control out there, and that is yourself. And whether he makes a 30-footer," Nicklaus gestures toward Spieth, "he certainly doesn't have any control over it," gesturing now at Day. And back at Spieth: "He makes a lot of them, you know."

Says Day: "A little too many."

"I don't know about too many. I hope you guys keep making a whole bunch of them," the Bear resumes. "I think that's great for golf. But you know, you control yourself. You control your own physical well-being. You control your own golf game. You control your own competitive instincts. Everybody asks, 'Who was your toughest competitor?' And I said, 'Me.'"

And what a fierce one he was. There are a million examples—this is one:

Leading the 1972 U.S. Open by a comfortable three shots with two holes to play, Nicklaus stood on the 17th tee at Pebble Beach with a gale blowing from the Pacific into his face. A long par-3 surrounded by cliffs and sand, the hole cried out for a safe shot. But Nicklaus pulled the most notoriously difficult club from his bag and dared himself to hit the shot of a lifetime.

"Even God can't hit a 1-iron," golf legend Lee Trevino famously quipped of the tiny blade with the pea-size sweet spot. That's the difference between God and Jack Nicklaus.

The ball split the wind like a bullet, landed lightly as a ballerina, and hit the reed-thin flagstick. His birdie putt was a tap-in.

But to prove his point about things in and things beyond one's own control, that very same hole, 10 years later, was the site of another miracle birdie: Tom Watson's chip-in from off the green to beat Nicklaus for the 1982 U.S. Open title.

"I always felt like I was trying to keep getting better," the Bear resumes. "I had goals in front of me, even when I was in my 40s—I won the Masters at 46—just kept trying to work myself to get better. And all of a sudden 25 years or so have passed."



JORDAN SPIETH, 22

3

CURRENT WORLD
GOLF RANKING

8 PGA Tour wins
to date

3 PGA Tour wins
Nicklaus had at
Spieth's age

<
*Defending
champion Spieth
eyes the ball at
the U.S. Open in
Oakmont, Pa.,
on June 16*

ON THIS WARM SPRING MORNING in central Ohio, Spieth was looking ahead to his 23rd birthday, which falls on July 27. No one so young could possibly understand how 25 years can pass “all of a sudden.” It is a thing that older people say, first with astonishment, later with resignation. One of the distinctions the three men have in common is their status as “ambassadors” for Rolex, and when they compare the watches on their wrists, they discover that Nicklaus wears a timepiece that is twice as old as Spieth. Life begins so slowly, like a thrill ride climbing to the release point, then passes in a whoosh.

So Spieth has a touch of awe in his voice when he tackles the idea of competing so brilliantly for so long. The concept is both abstract and compelling, like a mountaintop viewed from afar. After three years as a professional, Spieth says tentatively, “It is still very early on, hopefully, in a career that is as long and—hopefully—somewhere near half as successful as Mr. Nicklaus.” Even so, he admits, “it can be a grind.”

How so? “As much as we love what we do because of the adrenaline rush of being in contention,” Spieth continues, “having important putts or shots, or trying to control the most minor club-face rotations to get the ball to go where you are looking—that can be a mental grind week after week.”

Add to that the physical toll of coiling and uncoiling in a violent swing thousands of times per week. Spieth might not know that part yet, Day offers, but at 28, “I have battled injuries in my career, so I finally said, ‘O.K., I need to take control of what I am doing.’” He has disciplined his diet and prioritized fitness “to extend the longevity of my career. And hopefully one day, stay at the top as long as Jack did.”

As they talk, a certain note rings again and again. Call it stoic, call it self-reliant, it has to do with control, mastery of one’s own fate, captaincy of one’s own ship. Built tall and solid as a tight end, Nicklaus was a forerunner of today’s muscular, health-conscious tour pros in an era of chain-smoking, hard-drinking golf hustlers. Like Day and Spieth, he excelled at a number of sports in his youth, and chose golf for reasons of temperament.

“Baseball was probably my best sport when I was growing up,” Nicklaus says, but he hated to have his playing schedule in the hands of other kids. In those days of pickup ball, before adults organized the fun out of childhood, a game on the playground called for 9 in the morning might fizzle out for lack of players after 90 minutes spent standing around. “But I could go to the golf course at any hour I wanted to go,” he continues, “and I didn’t come home until my mom grabbed my ear and yanked me home.” Nicklaus “loved

basketball,” and also “played quarterback until I figured out my hands weren’t big enough.” Golf won out because it “was the only sport that I could go do by myself, do what I wanted to do, do what I needed to do and get my own reward out of my own effort.” Spieth has a version of the same story: “I think back to what Mr. Nicklaus was saying about how your toughest competitor is yourself. I loved team sports, but I love being able to control my own destiny. The work that I put in ahead of time was either going to come out and I was going to be successful—or I was going to try and fail and learn how to succeed the next time.”

The Day version: “I definitely like the solitude of golf. Being able to be out here on the golf course and you are just you and yourself and your thoughts. That’s when you know, ‘Hey, I can push myself a little bit harder.’”

PUT GOLFERS FROM YESTERDAY and today around a table and, inevitably, you will hear a lot about engineering. Unlike the hardwood driver he carried for most of his career, a modern golf club sends a ball flying as if struck with a “trampoline,” Nicklaus says. And the golf balls themselves are miraculous compared with the ones he once played with. As Day and Spieth listen dumbfounded, the legend recounts his methods for sorting a

shipment of balls into keepers and duds. Even in a single box, the balls could come slightly different in size—and dramatically different in flight path.

Imperfect technology influenced styles of play, from Palmer's swashbuckling to Watson's wedge magic to the slash-and-rescue of Seve Ballesteros. Nicklaus was known for the mistakes he didn't make and for the miracle shots that he made look easy. He could hit the ball high and hit it low, bend it right or left, and he always seemed to know which shot to hit at which moment. He made an art of what's known as "course management"—conforming his play to the conditions at hand.

"I have a question," Day ventures. "For different golf courses, did you have different sets" of clubs?

"Different what?" Nicklaus parries.

"Did you have different sets made for different golf courses?" Day repeats, for the idea of tailoring clubs to the demands of specific courses is common among today's top pros. Nicklaus explains that he played different clubs in different countries, because his sponsorship deals changed from England to Australia to the U.S. He adjusted to the manufacturer, not the other way around.

If that astonishes the current champions, Nicklaus simply recalls golf as played in even earlier generations. The legendary Bobby Jones, founder of the Masters, discovered after his playing career was over that his 4-iron was weighted differently from his other clubs, Nicklaus recounts—which finally explained why Jones always had such trouble with that club.

And the players themselves are highly engineered today. The ever quotable Trevino divides the golf world between the "round bellies" of the past and the "flat bellies" of the contemporary game. Time in the gym is as much a part of a modern pro's schedule as time on the practice green. Nicklaus appreciates the athleticism of the new era but worries that professional golf might lose its connection with the game as played by mere mortals. "The average golfer has a harder time relating to today's game," he says. In the old days, the pros might play a practice round with the club champion at the country club hosting a tour event. "I would hit the ball 10 or 15 yards past [the amateur], but we could make



Nicklaus makes his final appearance at the British Open, in St. Andrews, Scotland, in July 2005

a game. Today, I can't imagine seeing any club champion making a game with these guys." The other great change in golf: the money. When Nicklaus won the first of his record six Masters championships in 1963, his purse was \$20,000. For his 1986 title, he pocketed \$144,000. Spieth took home \$1.8 million for winning in 2015. With endorsement deals worth many times the prize money, top golfers are highly successful small businesses unto themselves. As a result, even young players spend a lot of time thinking about philanthropy.

Day and his wife Ellie are patrons of the Brighter Days Foundation, which supports charities around their Ohio home and promotes golf among young

Australians. Spieth's family foundation emphasizes children with special needs—like his beloved younger sister, who makes frequent appearances in her brother's social media—military families and junior golf. Both men salute the example of Nicklaus, who, along with Palmer, pioneered the rise of golfers as business moguls and athletes as philanthropists.

And Nicklaus repays the compliment. The ultimate key to sustained excellence, he says, is balance, and "I think both of these guys right here have figured it out already. You know, golf is a game, and it is only a game. It's a great game, and it will dominate a great part of their lives." But not all of it.

"My family was a great diversion for me. My business interests were a great diversion." Promoting his sport and his charities have been great diversions.

The conversation was drawing to an end. If, God forbid, the magic finally ran out for them tomorrow, where would they want to play their final round of golf? For Day and Spieth, the answer was easy: Augusta National, the home of the Masters Tournament.

For Nicklaus, something different: "Pebble Beach," he says.

"He wins the Masters six times, so [Augusta National] is old news now," Spieth says with a laugh.

"It's a pretty hard choice," Nicklaus allows. "I hope I don't have to make it soon." □

✕

Everybody asks, "Who was your toughest competitor?" And I said, "Me."

—JACK NICKLAUS

Time Off

'WHEN THE GHOSTBUSTING GETS TOUGH, THEY WIELD THEIR ECTOPLASM-BLAMMERS WITH RAMBO-LIKE AUTHORITY' —PAGE 64

TELEVISION

Winona Ryder, woman interrupted

By Eliana Dockterman

WHEN YOU MEET WINONA Ryder, it's hard to shake the feeling that she belongs to another era. It's not just that she doesn't appear to have aged a day since films like *Edward Scissorhands* and *Girl, Interrupted* made her a '90s icon. It's that she still keeps old cassette tapes of important voicemails and bootleg VHS tapes of concerts. On the topic of the Internet, she muses, "Part of me didn't want to have kids, because it's such a crazy world. You really can't control what they see."

Luckily for her, this era—that is, the present—also belongs to another era. Nostalgia is the strongest tide in Hollywood, with sequels and reboots like *Star Wars* and *Ghostbusters* putting a fresh spin on recent history—and nobody evokes the not-so-distant past quite like Ryder. That makes this a fine moment for her to return to the spotlight. Her new project is *Stranger Things* (July 15), a Netflix thriller series set in the 1980s; Ryder plays a mother living in a small Indiana town whose son goes missing, just as an alien escapes from a secret government facility. If this sounds Spielbergian, that's deliberate—the series' creators, brothers Ross and Matt Duffer, have said they wanted to pay homage to beloved films from their childhood, like *E.T.* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. The show is a love letter to that era's spooky charms.



Top: Ryder in 2016. Bottom, from left: Her rapid rise, in *Beetlejuice* (1988), *Heathers* (1988) and *The Age of Innocence* (1993)



Ryder goes for broke with a wonderfully unhinged performance in *Stranger Things*

That's why Ryder is a smart casting choice. She had such a long run playing unconventional women in the late '80s and '90s—think *Beetlejuice*, *Heathers* and *Dracula*—that her doe-eyed gaze conjures a mood as much as a memory. But characters like the ones that made her famous are scarce now. “These days, it's either a small movie made with no money over six years or the superhero movies,” Ryder, 44, says. “I can't really envision myself in a cape getting chucked out of a window.”

Ryder's rise to celebrity status in her teens and 20s, and her tabloid-fueled fall shortly thereafter, made her a national obsession. The nearly decade-long hiatus that followed kept her tethered to the moment she exited the public eye. America watched her male co-stars—like Ethan Hawke, Christian Slater and Johnny Depp—grow up and become A-listers. But for those who haven't seen the small roles she's taken over the past few years, Ryder is frozen in time.

RYDER WAS MORE THAN a '90s It girl; she was one of the decade's defining per-

formers. Her look defied stereotypes—a producer notoriously told her when she was a teen that she wasn't pretty enough for Hollywood—and she starred in, well, stranger things. Even when she donned a blond wig to play the high school cheerleader, it was for Tim Burton's surreal *Edward Scissorhands*. She made dark swaggar cool.

But Ryder was also one of the early casualties of the tabloid era. She got engaged to Depp when she was still a teen, and the couple became paparazzi magnets. He tattooed WINONA FOREVER on his arm. (After they split, he altered it to WINO FOREVER.) Depp is back in the headlines now

as he separates from his current wife Amber Heard, who has alleged that he physically abused her. For her part, Ryder says Depp was “never abusive at all towards me.”

“I'm not calling anyone a liar,” she says on the subject. “I'm just saying it's difficult and upsetting for me to wrap my head around it. Look, it was a long time ago, but we were together for four years, and it was a big relationship for me.” She continues, “I have never seen him

be violent toward a person before.”

Ryder is willing to discuss the accusations because they are so serious, but for the most part she has gone to great lengths to stay out of the public eye since her 2001 shoplifting arrest, during which police found a syringe and painkillers in her possession. She says she struggled psychologically during that time. She produced and starred in her passion project, *Girl, Interrupted*, because she identified with its depressed heroines. “You can't look to the industry to validate you as a person. That can just lead to incredible disappointment,” Ryder says. “I was guilty of that when I was younger. You get caught up in it, surrounded by people that are telling you it's the most important thing.”

For almost a decade, Ryder was largely absent from the screen. “I took some years off, and I didn't realize that was very dangerous in terms of my career,” she says. “When I was ready to come back, I was like, ‘Oh, where did everyone go?’” Studios didn't know what to do with the teen-rebel icon who was no longer a teen.

That began to change in 2010 with a well-received performance in Darren Aronofsky's *Black Swan* as an aging ballerina fighting to stay relevant as a younger, newer dancer (Natalie Portman) ascends within the company. In the years since, Ryder has found a new niche, specializing in stories set in the recent past. She starred in the film *Experimenter*, about the Stanley Milgram experiments in the '60s, and in HBO's '80s-set political drama *Show Me a Hero*. Now, there's *Stranger Things*.

As an anguished mom who believes that her missing son is communicating with her in supernatural ways, Ryder delivers what may be her best performance in decades. Once again, she employs that wild look viewers will remember from her early work.

But tackling this new project, she says, has also allowed her to step into a different kind of role. Ryder has become the grownup woman she always wanted to be. “I started acting so young—I secretly wanted to be older,” she says. “I'm finally getting to play my own age, and it's liberating. I would not want to go back to playing the ingénue.” □

“When I was ready to come back, I was like, ‘Oh, where did everyone go?’”

WINONA RYDER



Ahmed and Turturro scope out limited legal options

REVIEW

A new *Night Of* crime and injustice on HBO

A COLLEGE KID BORROWS THE FAMILY CAR TO GO out partying—but that car is a New York City cab, and its off-duty light is broken. Soon, the kid's got a passenger, a beautiful young woman who gets him high, plays knife games with him and takes him to bed. When he wakes up, she's been stabbed to death; in a panic, he grabs what appears to be the murder weapon and drives off.

That's the night that begins HBO's new mini-series *The Night Of*, one that comes to include a long, tense sequence ending in Naz's arrest. The son of Pakistani immigrants, Naz (Riz Ahmed) is watchful and guarded. Though he's clearly sensitive, his time in jail at Rikers Island, under the guidance of Michael K. Williams' kingpin, forces him to forget his humanity. Williams hands him a copy of *The Call of the Wild*, a book to fit the circumstance.

The Night Of draws upon all of New York City, its strivers and its oppressed, to tell a story of how the justice system swallows up lives. John Turturro, as a defense attorney seeking his one big case, blends opportunism and mercy beautifully. There's so much detail on display here that it's frustrating to find the case built around a woman painted as complicit in her own death, with a fondness for hard drugs and daggers.

But this is a minor flaw, not least because, like too many crime victims, she eventually falls out of the story. What makes *The Night Of* work is its depiction of how incarceration alters a person, leaving an impact that will remain even if Naz is freed into a world of few prospects. It's not actually about one night—it's about endless unlit, violent days.

—DANIEL D'ADDARIO

THE NIGHT OF airs Sundays at 9 p.m. E.T. on HBO

QUICK TALK

Susan Faludi

Pulitzer Prize–winning journalist Susan Faludi has made a career writing insightful books about gender like *Stiffed: The Betrayal of the American Man*. But she was floored when her own father came out as transgender. She recounts his story and grapples with their relationship in her new memoir, *In the Darkroom* (June 14).

What made you want to write about your dad? My father asked me to write her story. Beyond that, I'm a writer—that's how I figure things out. And it was a way to make sense of my relationship with my father and how it was changing since the news of my father's gender change. I felt like I couldn't continue to write honestly about gender or feminism, or any of the attendant issues, without admitting to my own personal experience.

You say it came out of the blue. Did you go back and look for signs?

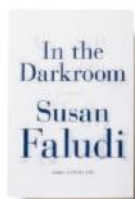
I always knew that something about my father was not quite right. My father always seemed to be trying on different roles, different identities, whether it was the alpine mountain climber or suburban dad writ large with the fedora and the constant building. Mostly what I was focused on when I was a child was that my father was very aggressive and domineering and symbolized to me all the unattractive aspects of being a controlling patriarch.

He stabbed one of your mother's male friends in the stomach.

It was not a good moment. It never occurred to me until later that perhaps that itself was a mask to hide from the world my father's true desires. Hypermasculinity was an attempt to cancel out the feminine yearnings he felt inside.

You've written about gender all your career. Did your dad's experience change the way you see anything? I think it reinforced and made

personal a lot of the observations, a lot of the conclusions I came to in *Stiffed*. How stifling, stultifying, our idea of a man can be to the human being inside that mold. That masculinity itself is a great burden.—BELINDA LUSCOMBE



Ghostbusting today: Jones, McCarthy, Wiig and McKinnon



MOVIES

The zany spirit of '84 haunts a reimagined *Ghostbusters*

By Stephanie Zacharek

NO ONE HAS TO LOVE PAUL FEIG'S NEW *GHOSTBUSTERS*, or even like it. But anyone who continues to stand against it on principle—"My childhood has been defiled! I don't like its stars! The trailer was bad!"—is an unimaginative schmuck. Because Feig's *Ghostbusters* is its own definitive creature, an affable, inventive riff on Ivan Reitman's proton-packing caper that exists not to score points but to make us laugh. For a summer comedy, there's no nobler purpose.

Like their 1984 counterparts, the new Ghostbusters—Kristen Wiig's no-nonsense yet vaguely daffy physics whiz Erin, Melissa McCarthy's screwball scientist Abby, Kate McKinnon's deadpan gearhead Jillian and Leslie Jones' fervent Manhattan-history nut Patty—are all classic New York City eccentrics, out of place in world of nonbelievers. (Their dim-witted but hunky receptionist, Chris Hemsworth's Kevin, helps out too, but mostly he's just ridiculously enjoyable eye candy, a form of gentle revenge for years of stereotypically sexy female secretaries.) When Erin, Abby and Jillian spot their first real ghost—a nutso turn-of-the-century murderess, now a listless, translucent jellyfish of doom—they jump and squeal with delight, a spontaneously girly reaction for which they make no apologies. But when the busting gets tough as a squadron of nasty ghouls descends upon an unsuspecting Manhattan, they wield their ectoplasm-blammers with Rambo-like authority.

It's all presented with a wink; there's nothing heavy-spirited or assaultive about this *Ghostbusters*. Feig, who co-wrote the script with *The Heat* screenwriter Katie Dippold, has clearly taken care with the movie's tone—it's as delicately balanced as

There's nothing nostalgic, in the musty sense, about it. It glows with vitality, thanks largely to the performers

the wings of a spectral butterfly. He honors the spirit of the original: Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Ernie Hudson and Annie Potts all have cameos, and homage is paid to the late Harold Ramis with a gleaming bronze Columbia University bust. Yet there's nothing nostalgic, in the musty sense, about this *Ghostbusters*: it glows with vitality, thanks largely to the performers. They revel in one another's company, and not in a self-congratulatory, *Ocean's Twelve*-style, "We're awesome movie stars, together" way. Some of their dialogue has a loopy, unscripted vibe, à la Murray's poker-faced asides in the original. When the heroines take time out from their heavy-duty citizen saving for an impromptu Patrick Swayze reverie, they're inviting us into the crystalline goofiness of the moment.

There's visual glory here too: the finale takes place in a dazzling Times Square mashup of past and present, a place where contemporary digital news tickers share space with ghost establishments like Regal Shoes, Nathan's and an RKO National theater showing Bruce Lee's 1972 *Fists of Fury*. In one of the most stunning moments, the women face down a phalanx of sinister vintage Macy's parade balloons—floating along, they're a kiddie nightmare come to life, glowing and gorgeous even as they advance with menacing intent. Their macabre beauty stops the movie for a moment. They've come from the past to shake their fists at the present—maybe they don't like remakes either, but that's their problem. Happy or not, they're part of the here and now. This is the kind of movie you make when you ain't afraid of no ghosts. □

TIME
PICKS

MOVIES

The prolific filmmaker Alex Gibney's latest project, **Zero Days** (July 8), is as much a thriller as it is a documentary, delving into the Stuxnet computer virus, believed to be a jointly created Israeli-American weapon.

^
TELEVISION

On HBO's new comedy series **Vice Principals** (July 17), Danny McBride (pictured) and Walton Goggins play two second-in-commands employing childish tactics in their battle for the role of high school principal.

BOOKS

In **The Singles Game**, author Lauren Weisberger (*The Devil Wears Prada*) pivots from fashion to tennis in the story of a prodigy whose new coach has her swap her sweetheart image for complicated celebrity.

v
PODCASTS

On their new podcast, **Politically Re-Active**, comics W. Kamau Bell and Hari Kondabolu bring humor to questions about the political process while interviewing guests like Kathleen Hanna.



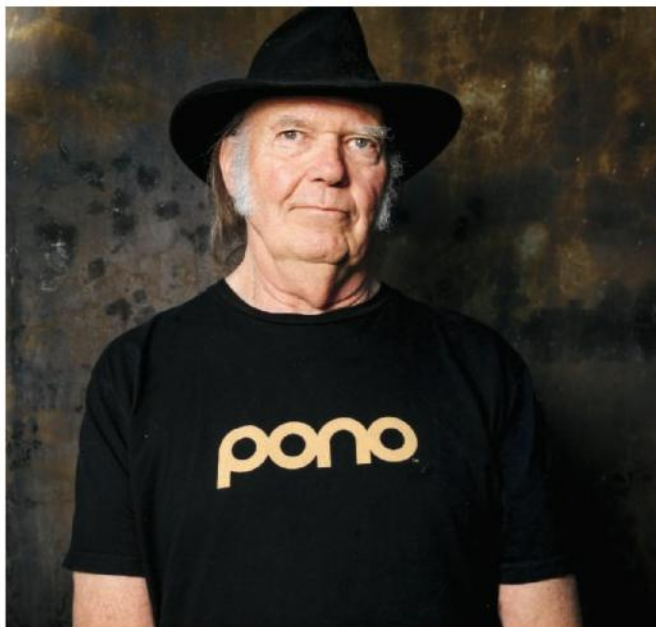
MUSIC

A bear stalks Neil Young's new *Earth*

THE ROAR OF THE CROWD. So all-enveloping and tympanum-shredding that it seems to have a life of its own. For 50 years, Neil Young has been regularly drenched by the sound, come to perceive its bestial essence. Which is perhaps why the 70-year-old rock icon detects unexpected overtones in the din. "I hear seagulls, I hear ocean waves—I hear all kinds of things in the sound of applause," he tells TIME. "It sounds like a natural thing, like a flock of geese flying by. It's the same thing: a bunch of us making noise because we like something, like feeding time at the barnyard."

Now Young offers the chance to hear what he hears on the semi-live album *Earth*, featuring 13 songs—from 1970's "After the Gold Rush" to last year's "Seed Justice"—that reflect his increasingly anxious view of our impact on the planet. It's one of the most unusual recordings of his long career, eliciting comparisons to the '80s releases in which he flirted with electronic music, rockabilly and R&B.

Earth's basic tracks were drawn from a typically muscular series of concerts, in which a still vital and full-voiced Young was backed by a band including Willie Nelson's sons Lukas and Micah. But once the recordings arrived at a studio near Young's beloved Zuma Beach in Malibu, Calif., he told longtime producer John Hanlon that they were "going to throw out every rule" about live albums. So the animals that Young



At 70, Young remains committed to taking risks

discovers in the sound of applause? They have been made concrete, as strains of wolves, coyotes, bees, whales, birds and elk (and also cars and machines) weave in and out of both the crowd and the music. At first their chatter provokes a smirk, but just a few songs in, they begin to resonate sympathetically.

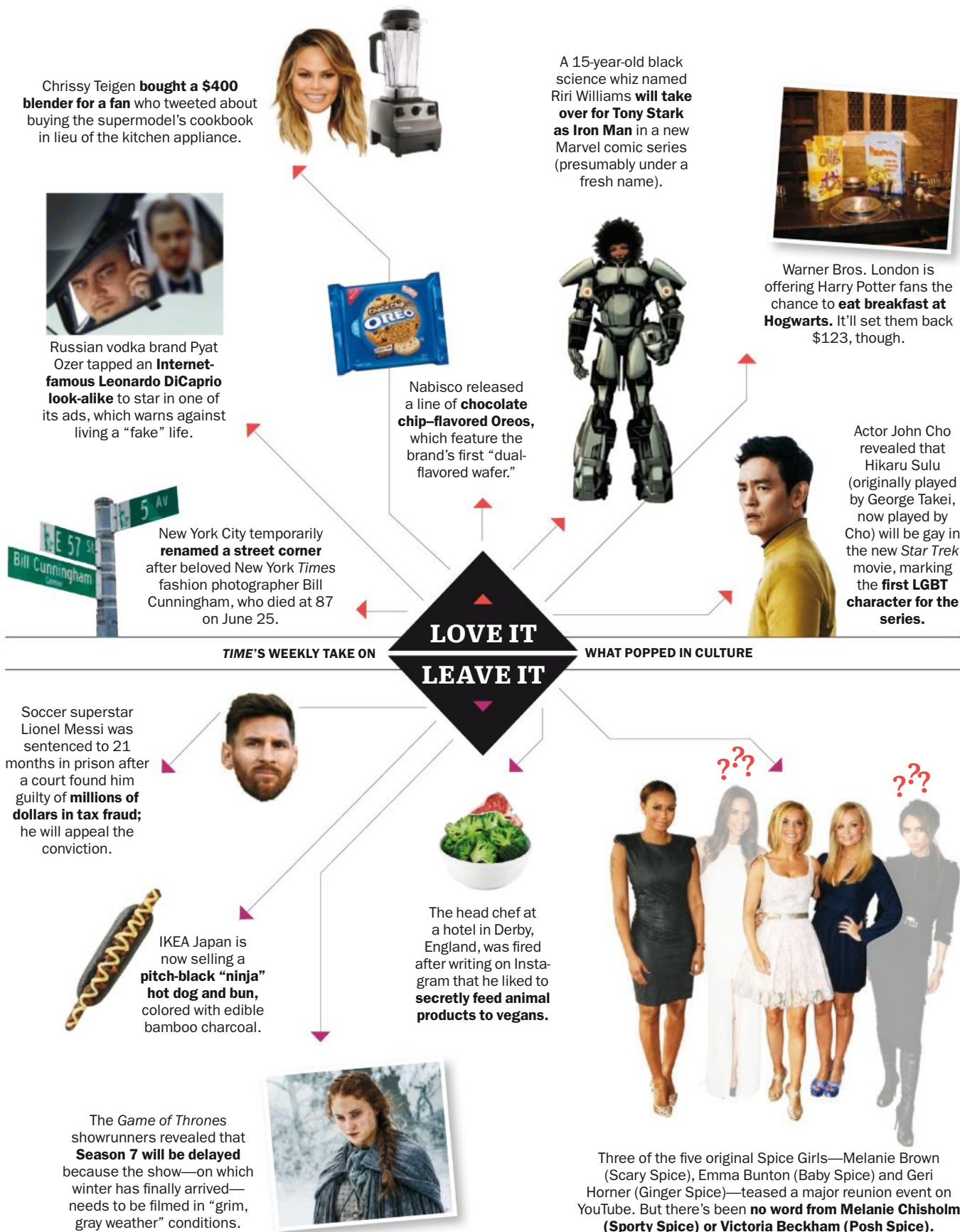
If you have doubts, you're not alone. "John Hanlon—he's used to me. But even he had to adjust," Young says. "I remember getting a call in the middle of the night. He's

saying, 'The bear's too loud. It's louder than the band! It's making the band sound small.' So I'm like, 'Well, what if the band is far away and the bear is close?' It's not like a normal record."

Nor is this a normal conversation, because Young is typically loath to do interviews. He jokes that he's a "drone" who's been "coerced by management," but he also feels compelled to talk because he's incensed by environmental damage caused by what he sees as a combination of corporate greed and political inaction. Yet the equally important bulletin is that he continues to risk ridicule on behalf of his vision. Nearly 34 years after the electronically filtered *Trans* was widely mocked, that album now sounds like Daft Punk, if Daft Punk acquired the ability to write gorgeous (and not just catchy) melodies. Borrowing Austin's hometown slogan, I suggest we Keep Neil Young Weird. —ISAAC GUZMÁN

^
LISTENING TO EARTH

The album will be issued on vinyl and CD. The only downloadable version is for Young's high-def Pono music player, his rebuke to compressed-digital-music services.



CUNNINGHAM: AP; PYAT OZER: YOUTUBE; BLENDER: VITAMIX; OREOS: NABISCO; IRON MAN: MARVEL; HARRY POTTER: WARNER BROS.; STUDIO TOUR: CHO: PARAMOUNT; GAME OF THRONES: HBO; HOT DOG: IKEA JAPAN; TEIGEN: SPICE GIRLS; BROCCOLI: STEAK; MESSI: GETTY IMAGES



It's their party and they'll skip the convention if they want to

By **Joel Stein**

FOR THE FIRST TIME THIS CENTURY, I WILL NOT BE ATTENDING the Republican convention. The reasons for this are complicated, but apparently they have to do with “keeping expenses low” and “drunk the entire time.” Which is too bad, since the only thing on my calendar between July 18 and 21 is my sister’s due date, and she’s already had her baby. It’s her second baby, so I’ll meet Allison Jade Browning at her high school graduation.

THE GOP PICKED four days in the middle of summer for its convention because it’s a slow time at work, as it clearly is for me. The timing hasn’t caused scheduling conflicts for Republicans in past years, and Democratic politicians are totally free in July. But—and I’m sure this is the main thing Republican party leaders will work on changing for the 2020 cycle—mid-July turns out to be crazy busy for conservative lawmakers.

Maryland Governor Larry Hogan has an invite on July 20 to go to the J. Millard Tawes Crab and Clam Bake, an event that has both crabs *and* clams. Utah Representative Jason Chaffetz is leading nine members of Congress, including fellow Utah Republican Mia Love and Pennsylvania Republican Pat Meehan, on an overseas trip. A congressional delegation traveling to learn about antiterrorism efforts is something you’d think the RNC would be aware of. One of the changes in the party platform will definitely be “use Google Calendar.”

South Carolina Congressman Trey Gowdy has a family beach vacation, which he cannot skip, since the shore is where he discovers all the cool new hairstyles. Similarly, Senator Mark Kirk can’t attend because, as he told talk-radio host Roe Conn, “I’ve got to really do my hair that week.” Judd Gregg, a former governor and Senator from New Hampshire, and Representative Paul Cook from California have blocked out time to spend with their grandchildren, and unfortunately their summer break from school happens to be in the summer.

Senator Steve Daines of Montana will be trout fishing, which—assuming it’s in the western districts—can be done only from the third Saturday in May through Nov. 30, a period that coincides *exactly* with the convention. Senator Jeff Flake told an AP reporter he can’t go because “I have to mow my lawn,” which isn’t the kind of thing you can hire another person to do in Mesa, Ariz., especially when, based on Google Maps’ photos, your yard doesn’t have a lawn. Senator Ben Sasse has said he will not be attending but “will instead take [his] kids to watch some dumpster fires across the state,” which is presumably some weird thing kids are into now, like hoverboards or dabbing.



At first I suspected that these were excuses, and that the real reason politicians were avoiding the convention was its location, Cleveland. Then I realized that the Cleveland area is a fun park for old white male conservatives: Pro Football Hall of Fame! Polka Hall of Fame and Museum! Steamship *William G. Mather* from World War II! Larry Flynt’s Hustler Club! And it isn’t the TSA lines, either. Ohio Governor John Kasich has indicated he may skip it, while Ohio Senator Rob Portman—who will stop by the convention briefly—in a bizarre coincidence is holding his own mini-convention on the same days. It will be at a community college that—the odds of this have to be incredible—is *also in Cleveland*.

SO THE GOP CONVENTION—the biggest, most visible gathering of party leaders in an election year—is going to have a lot of first-time delegates and speakers without much power in the party. People who, without my decades of experience, will not know how to get into the Huffington Post Oasis tent for a full-body massage from Arianna Huffington, as I did in Tampa in 2012, which I believe led to her focus on getting more sleep, so that she could spend fewer waking hours remembering the experience. I fear they won’t figure out how to go with Grover Norquist to a gay GOP organization’s party at a gay bar called the Honey Pot, as I did in Tampa, and foolishly go to a different gay GOP organization’s boring lunch in Tampa at Oystercatchers, which, shockingly, is not a gay bar.

So I’m not quite as sad about missing this year’s convention. Without so many prominent members of the party, I worry there will be a lack of convening. Instead, I fear they will be attending a party thrown by one man, to celebrate one man, attended solely by people who want to be that one man. And I can do that at my house, two days after the convention is over, on my birthday. I get the feeling the odds of Republican politicians’ being available to come to my house that day will be significantly higher.

Michael K. Williams You might recognize him as Omar from *The Wire*—a fact that led to an identity crisis, says the host of *Black Market* and star of HBO's *The Night Of*

What interested you about *The Night Of*? I'm just a loyal f-cker for good writing. Everything that I've been on on HBO I've had to audition for: *Bessie*, *The Night Of*, *Boardwalk Empire*, *The Wire*. The caliber of writers I got to work with early on in my career—David Simon—that kind of just sets the tone for your appetite.

The show deals with bias against black Americans and Muslim Americans.

What effect do you think the show will have on the conversation about race?

In my perspective, the show has very little to do with race, and everything to do with class. I've come to realize that the race thing is a smoke screen. The real war is a war on class. It's about how much green you have in your pocket. In this country, you can unfortunately literally get away with murder if you have enough political background behind you. You are innocent until proven poor.

You've also addressed the failures of the system on your Vice show *Black Market*. How did that show come to be?

I got a phone call from Spike Jonze. When I get there, he and his team were talking to me like I was this über-smart person, and I was just smiling and nodding my head and freaking out on the inside. But once someone in the room said, "*Black Market* to us means when the system fails you, you create your own system," a lightbulb went off in my head. I was just like, Oh, I get it now. I thought about my mom. I'm first-generation Bahamian, and at my dinner table it was a big deal when you got your green card. And we did whatever we had to do to get our green card.

What have been the most personally affecting stories? One young man was wearing a mask during the interview. After we shut the cameras down, he takes his mask off, and this 23-year-old boy looks at me and says, "Yo, Omar, take me with you, man. I'm tired of this. I don't want to die out here in these streets." Six months later, sure enough, he died on those streets. One afternoon, him and his grandmother got shot up.

On the first episode of *Black Market*, you mention that when you were on *The Wire*, the lines blurred between your life and Omar's. Could you explain? *The Wire* was my breakout. And I'm beginning now to finally deal with what is a self-esteem issue. Growing up, I got picked on a lot. I was the corny one. I was not popular with the ladies. In a very alpha-male community, being sensitive is not considered a quality. Omar became an alter ego. A gay man who doesn't like fancy clothes or fancy cars, doesn't do drugs, doesn't even curse and robs the most gangster drug dealers in the community. He's an outcast, and I identified with that immensely. Instead of using it as a tool to maybe heal myself, I hid behind that. Nobody was calling Michael in the streets. Everything was Omar, Omar, Omar. I mistook that admiration. It felt good. But it wasn't for me. It was for a fictional character. When that show ended, along with that character, I was clueless about how to deal with that. I crumbled.

You've said that the identity crisis led you to experiment with cocaine. The darkness that was on him, I wore. I dressed like him, walked like him, blew all this money. I was back in the projects by Season 2.

What pulled you out of that? A lot of prayer. The reckless behavior had to stop—for my kids, for my family.

Projects obviously change you personally. Do you hope your work on *Black Market* imparts any political message? It would be my desire to help heal my community to stop all the bloodshed. When I say bloodshed, I don't just mean, "Oh, the white cop killed the black kid." I also mean for the 10 black lives that are taken by 10 black hands. How can my country better equip me and my brothers and sisters to stop our kids from hurting and bleeding and dying on the streets? If *Black Market* can do that, that would be the best thing I could ask for.

—ELIANA DOCKTERMAN

I've come to realize that the race thing is a smoke screen. The real war is a war on class.



JAMES DEVANEY—GETTY IMAGES



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